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ALONE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The air is laden with the breath of flowers—
Jasmine and heliotrope and rose and musk.
Woodbine that in yon dewy grove embowers
A marble Hebe, shining through the dusk.

No living presence haunts these garden closes;
I am alone amongst the starlit bloom,
Alone amongst the lilies and the roses,
Alone amid the glamor and the gloom.

Sad amidst all the autumn night's soft splendor,
The fountain falling with melodious moan—
Sad, though the flow'rs are sweet, the stars are tender;
Ah, can it be because I am alone!

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A TROUBLESOME BOY.

"IS he gone, sir?"

Robson looked up from his work-bench, where bottles containing chemicals were mingled with the tools of his trade. His face seemed to be hourly growing older, and he stared in a dazed helpless way at the woman who had brought in the boy.

"Gone?" he said, dreamily, "gone? The doctor?"

"No, sir; him," the woman whispered, and her thin face wore a scared expression as she looked round the room; "him—Mr. Devick, sir."

"Yes, Polly he has been gone some time."

"Hah!"

It was a long sigh of relief, and the little woman took up her white apron and wiped her face.

Then, turning quickly she ran out of the room with queer short steps which gave her a gliding motion suggestive of a clock work mouse; and as Mrs. Robson looked half wonderingly after her, she reappeared, dragging in the boy, whose eyes were red, face rubbed and dirty, and hair tousled, while his countenance wore a defiant, saucy, reckless expression, and one kept dodging up to ward off expected blows.

"Here he is, sir—here he is, mum! Look at him! Did you ever see such a rip? Did you ever see such a lost, dirty, wicked boy?"

"You leave off! Don't you knock me about!" cried the boy, defiantly, as he threw up his arms and fended and tried—or pretended to try—to shake himself free.

"Yes, I will, you bad, wicked boy, and Mr. Robson shall tie up and strap you!" cried the little woman.

"No, he sha'n't! I didn't come here to be knocked about!"

"Hold your tongue, you bad, boy!" cried the little woman. "Here's Mr. Robson took you to teach you a trade, and you running away as you do. I found found him in Common Garden, sir; I found him in Common Garden, mum," she said, appealing to first one and then the other, "playing with a lot of dirty boys among the baskets, and eating bad fruit and reddishes. He'll be ill after it—I know he will. Where did you sleep last night, sir?"

"'Mong the baskets—with some more chaps," said the boy, grinning.

"'Mong the baskets!" cried the little woman, with a sob; "and ketching colds and no one knows what. I shall be having to nurse him next, or else he'll be in the orspital again with another broken arm or something. He'll break my heart, he will!"

"Get out, auntie, I sha'n't! How could I help the 'bus knocking me down and running over me?"

"By not playing about in the road, sir!" cried Mrs. Robson, angrily. "Jack, you're a bad, cruel boy to your poor aunt, who makes herself a slave for you."

"And what's the good?" sobbed the little woman. "Look at his face and hands, as if they'd never come clean again."

"Oh, well, I'll wash 'em," said the boy, growing bolder as he saw that he had only the women to deal with, Robson's head having gone down upon his hand.

"Wash them!" said the little woman; "I shall have to wash you myself."

"Not you," said Jack. "You're never happy unless you're scrubbing a fellow and shoving the yaller soap in his eyes and ears, and working it out again with your fingers. What's the use o' being clean?"

"Hark at him, mum! Did you ever hear such a boy! He's breaking my heart, he is and Mr. Robson so kind to him, teaching him his trade, and him showing his gratitude by running away."

"Well, there warn't no work to do, and I don't want to learn a trade a trade, so now, then!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the little woman, plumping herself on the floor and putting her apron to her eyes.

"Don't be an old silly, auntie," cried the boy; "sittin' down on the floor and crying like that! Get up!"

"No, no, no!" moaned the little woman. "Oh, dear, dear, dear! I wish I was only dead!"

"What's the use o' that!" cried the boy, grinning; "you couldn't do no charring, then, nor no washing neither, and I should be always running away from my own work."

"You'll be taken up by the police some day, Jack, and put in prison," said Mrs. Robson.

"Don't care," said the boy, defiantly; "she shouldn't fight again me. I tell yer I don't want to learn a trade; I want to be a soljer."

"That's how he's always going on, mum," said the woman. "He's always threatening to run away and be a soldier."

"So I shall," said the boy, putting his arms akimbo, and drawing himself up. "I mean to be a hoosoar, with a jacket hanging over my shoulder."

"Don't! don't! don't!" cried the little woman. "Jack, you'll break your poor aunt's heart."

"No, I won't old gal. There, there, there!" cried the boy, going down on his knees beside where the little woman was rocking herself to and fro, with her face in her apron; and, winking at Mrs. Robson with an imprudent grin, he threw his arms about Polly's neck, and hugged her to him.

"No, no! Go away; you're a bad, wicked boy!" she sobbed.

"Oh, no, I ain't; not half so bad as some chaps. There, there, there! a nice little old auntie; she shall wash his face, then, and cut his hair, and he won't run away no more—cuddle-uddle-uddle-uddle!"

"Don't Jack! Go away!" cried the little woman, pushing him off, and then clinging to him and passionately kissing the handsome, saucy face.

"Look at that, now!" cried the boy. "I did't say wash my face with crying all over me. I ain't half so bad as some of the chaps."

"You are, sir, ever so much worse," said the little woman, angrily; whilst Mrs. Robson's needle clicked, and she seemed to pay no heed to the scene being enacted in her room, but kept on glancing in a troubled way at her husband, who was oblivious of what was going on.

"I tell you I ain't, auntie. I ain't half a bad 'un."

"You are, sir. You're the worst, the most bad and careless boy that ever lived, for running away as you do, when Mr. Robson's been so kind to you."

"Tell you I ain't!" he cried, sharply. "If I was I should ha' done what Skiddy Willett wanted me to do."

"And what did Skiddy Willett want you to do?" cried Polly.

"Want me to do?" said the boy, scornfully: "wanted me to take some o' the bits o' gold off the bench, or one o' the stones, and sell em."

"And did you?" said Polly, with a look of horror, and the border of her clean white cap quivering.

"And did I!" cried the boy, sarcastically; "Hark at her, missus! There's a haunt for yer! Did I! I just punched his head for him. I ain't a prig."

"But, Jack," began the little woman.

The lad repulsed her, though, giving her a thrust with his elbow.

"You're a nice old auntie, you are!" he cried, for the matter had settled into a family squabble between them, and the latitude enjoyed made the boy bolder. "You're a nice old auntie to think that of a fellow! I like a drop o' good beer and a bit o' tobacco."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack!"

"Be quiet, will you, old woman. I tell you I do, and I shall be a soljer."

"No, no, Jack; don't, don't!"

"I shall, I tell you. But I sha'n't go yet. I aint quite big enough; and the sergeant said I must eat lots o' pudden, and grow."

"The sergeant?"

"Yes. I spoke to a 'cruiting sergeant in the park yes'day, and he's going to take me as soon as I'm big enough."

"Where is he," cried the little woman, starting up.

"Where's who, you old silly?"

"That bad, wicked man who talked like that."

"Go along with yer! How should I know? There, what's going to be done now? You've brought me here. What's next?"

"Hold your tongue, sir! How can you expect Mr. Robson to take you back if you talk like that?"

"Well, I don't want him to take me back," said the boy, defiantly.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! when you know you was helping me, after I've been working my fingers to the bone for you all these years, and how hard it is to live. It's cruel—cruel—cruel!"

"So it is—a poor old thing, then—so it is!" cried the boy, half mockingly, but with the tears in his eyes, as he gave the little woman a rough hug, which swerved her cap all on one side. "All right, I won't run away again till I'm obliged."

"You won't Jack?"

"No, wish I may die if I do old gal—there! Ask master if I may come back, and I'll stick to the old bench like cobbler's wax."

The little woman flung her arms round his neck, kissed him passionately, and began to brush his hair off his forehead with her toil-worn fingers.

"There, I say, don't! You've made my face all wet again, auntie. What a woman you are! My hair's all right."

"'Tisn't dear. Stand still."

"Sha'n't. If you don't leave off I'll hook it."

"No, don't, my darling boy," she whispered, clinging to his arm. "And, Jack, if any of those bad wicked fellows want you to take anything from Mr. Robson's bench, you won't, will you?"

"Get out! Now that's insulting a man. Look here, if ever you says such a thing as that to me again, 'ang me if I don't!"

"No, no, no! Hush, dear! There, be quiet. Now I'm going to ask Mr. Robson to take you back."

"He's asleep," said the boy. "It ain't no good now. Let's go home."

"Hush! be quiet," whispered Polly; and the thin, careworn little soul, with her girlish figure, in spite of her many years, seemed to wake up fully to the fact that they were not alone, and went up and whispered to Mrs. Robson, who only shook her head.

"I don't know what to say, Polly," she replied. "I would do anything for you, for I shall never forget the way you wached over me when I was so bad."

"Nonsense, missus! Don't talk about that. But if you, would only speak to master."

"Yes, I'll speak to him, Polly, but I'm afraid he will say no: things are very bad just now."

"But they'll mend, missus; I know they will. Don't shake your dear head like that."

"I'm obliged to, Polly, for you don't know how bad things are with us."

"Well, but they always are with poor folks, missus. Never mind how bad they are, only take him, and I'll come twice a week and do all the cleaning I can; and as taking a potty piece, I wouldn't do it, there!"

"No, Polly; and you mustn't come any more."

"Oh, but I must, mum! You ain't half so strong as you should be yet; and it takes Miss Gracie away from her work to do the house. I shall come!"

Just then her approach as mediator to Adam Robson was cut short by his turning round suddenly on his stool and facing Jack.

"Well, sir," he said, sternly, "you've come, then?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, examining the lining of his ragged cap, "I've come back.

"To work, eh?"

"Yes, master."

"Then you may go and play, for I've none to give you. The rats desert the sinking ship."

"I ain't a rat, and I've came back to work master," said the boy, dragging out a long thread from the lining of his cap.

"And there's no work for you, sir. You can go elsewhere."

"Called me a rat!" said the boy, angrily, to the little woman. "I sha'n't stay!"

"Yes, you will, dear," she said, coaxingly. "Tell him you're very sorry, and won't do so any more."

"What's the use?"

"Oh, Jack! see what you promised me. It's to help me, my dear."

"Oh! all right, then. Here goes! Please, master, I'm very sorry, and I won't do so no more."

"No, not here," said Robson, with a sigh. "Go away!"

"Look at that!" said Jack, in an ill-used tone, as he turned to the women, for Robson had taken his old position by the bench. "It's no use for a fellow to try and be good and honest. Everybody turns agin him."

"Now, Jack, don't, don't!" cried the little charwoman.

"Well, so they do. I wish there warn't no Jack at all. Wish I'd never been born. Wish I was dead."

"Oh, Jack!" sobbed the little woman. "Do speak to master, missus! Ah! here's Miss Gracie. Do, do, please, my dear, ask master to take my nevvy back!"

"I shall just go and do somethin', desprit if he don't," said the boy doggedly.

"Hush, my dear!"

"Why, Jack, where have you been?" said Gracie, whose eyes were red with weeping; and she laid her hand on the boy's arm.

"Don't—don't touch me, Miss Gracie!" said the boy shaking himself free. "I'm such a bad 'un, I am!"

"He isn't, Miss Gracie, my dear!" cried the little woman. "He's a dear good boy, and loves his aunt, and there wouldn't be a thing again him if there was no soldiers to tempt him."

"So you've come back again, Jack," said Gracie, softly.

"Yes, miss, I've come back again."

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere, miss," said the boy, with a bit of snivel. "And I was werry sorry, and I said as I'd let the old gal find me agin and go to my work, and I did, and here I am; but everybody turns agin me 'cos I've got no father and no mother."

"No one turns against you, Jack, if you would be a good boy," said Gracie, very sadly.

"Oh, yes, they does!" said the boy, rubbing his eyes with his cap. "I want to be square, and get on, but master says I may go and prig and steal, and do anything; he don't care. He wants to see me at Brixton, he does."

"Hush, hush, Jack! Your master is in great trouble," whispered Gracie—"in very, very great trouble; but I don't think he spoke to you like that."

"He didn't, miss," said Polly, anxiously. "It's Jack's way of putting it. He don't mean anything, only that he's very, very sorry."

"But is he very sorry?"

"Oh, yes! miss; just look at him!"

"Are you sorry, Jack?"

"Never felt so sorry before in my life, miss. Wish I may die if I ever did. What's the matter with master?"

"I cannot tell you, Jack, only that he is in great trouble."

"Oh! I am sorry I hooked it then. I am, miss, and I won't never do so no more. Do arst him to let me stop!"

"I'm afraid he'll say that he cannot afford to keep you now."

"Oh, for! miss; I sha'n't want much: and I say, Miss Gracie, you get him to let me stop, and you see if I don't pay you back for it all some day, 'strue as goodness I will!"

"There, miss!" cried little Polly, triumphantly, as she wiped her eyes upon her apron. "Who says now as he aint as good as gold? And as to taking anything, why, he'd sooner die than touch anything as didn't belong to him, wouldn't you, dear Jack?"

"Yes, auntie."

"I'll ask my father; I don't think he'll refuse me," said Gracie; but she drew back, for just then a heavy, drink-disfigured head was thrust into the room, its owner coming unannounced, and holding the door against his back, as if to hold it steady between the door and the post.

"Guv'nor here?" he cried, sharply, as he rolled his eyes round, and nodded to first one and then the other.

Polly looked at the man with the same terror that had filled her countenance when Devick was there, and, catching the boy by the wrist, tried to draw him towards the farther door.

"Come away," she whispered, "come away!"

"Get out!" said the boy; "it's only Barny Gedge;" but Polly drew him to the door and hurried him out.

"Phew! Oh!" said the new comer. "Frightened the little woman away. Going too miss? Good-bye. Luck to your pretty face, and them as wins it."

Grace tried to hide the repugnance that she felt, and also left the room, whereupon the body belonging to the head entered with a lurch, and the man caught a chair-back and stood swaying himself, and staring fixedly at Robson, who had risen, while Mrs. Robson's needle seemed to go faster and click more loudly.

"What is it, Gedge?" said Robson, very sternly.

"Guv'nor here, Miss Robson?"

"No."

"Been here, hasn't he?"

"Yes, some time ago."

"Hah! Dodging me. Said I was drunk yesterday. No, ma'am," he said, turning sharply on Mrs. Robson, "not drunk. Been drinking. 'Bliged to, or I couldn't do his dirty work. Drove me to it. Dragged me down; keeps me down. Curse him! Let him take care, though. I know."

"He is not here now," said Robson, sternly.

"I know. All right. I know, Mrs. Robson. Lady, ma'am. Food to my little child as died."

The repellent-looking man passed his hand across his eyes and looked at it, to see if there was a tear.

"Good job she's dead. Blessing in disguise, ma'am. Never seen what her father's come to—dragged down to. Under Devick's thumb. Not here?"

"No, and I do not expect him."

"Good for you, Mrs. Robson. Devick no good to anybody. Len's half-crown. My throat's dry as sawdust."

Robson shook his head.

"I have no half-crown to lend you now, Gedge."

"Course you haven't, Mrs. Robson. Quite true. Devick takes care o' that. Keeps you down too. Under his thumb. I say ——"

He raised a hand and began to point with a dirty finger at the farther door.

"What do you mean?" said Robson casting off his dreamy manner.

"One good turn 'serves 'nother," said the man, passing his tongue over his dry lips. "Word to you, Mrs. Robson."

He stopped speaking and gesticulated, pointing still to the inner door.

Mrs. Robson rose as if a suspicion was dawning upon her brain.

"Right, ma'am. Good wife—nice mother. Pretty little girl, I know."

"What do you mean, Mr. Gedge?" she cried, in an excited tone.

"Lot's, ma'am, lots. He's a bad 'un. So 'm I. He made me a bad 'un. Anybody's money; but I know. One good turn deserves another. Word to you—both of you. Look out!"

"Gedge!" cried Robson, catching him by the arm, when the man took his in turn, shifted his hand to Robson's, which he gripped hard and shook up and down.

"Bad 'un," he said, in a low, husky voice; "bad as they make 'em now. But Look here; get from under his thumb, my boy. Be off. 'Meriky—world's end. He means ——"

The man stopped, and pointed again at the door.

"Good little lass. Pretty as an angel. So was mine, Adam Robson. Look out!—plans. He means her. Plenty of money. Do aught. Villain, sir. Our master. A villain. Take her away. Poison her. Sell her for a slave. Anything! Don't let Devick have her. Better put on black!"

"But, Gedge—what do you mean? Has Devick——"

"No, no! Hold hard! I tell nothing. Just as man to man, I merely say—look out!"

He pointed again, darting his great dirty finger rapidly at the door through which Gracie had passed, and then nodded sharply and left the room.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DEVICK IS BUSY.

RICE DEVICK drew a long breath and looked back, with starting eyes, over his shoulder before answering.

Then in a very quiet, natural tone, he replied—

"Well, I am very busy. See what they want."

The woman looked very pale as she went slowly to the front door and opened it to a sturdy-looking man in plain clothes and a constable in uniform.

"Mr. Devick in, ma'am?"

"Yes, but he is engaged."

"Must see him on particular business. There's my card."

The woman took the card, glanced at it, and drew back for the two officers to enter, closing the door behind them.

"I'll take in your card," she said, quietly, and managed to conceal a curious twitching about the lips. "Will you sit down, please?"

She motioned them to a couple of heavy mahogany chairs, and then went to the library door and tapped.

There was a faint "Come in!" and she passed through, the man in plain clothes making a movement as if to follow closely, but checking himself, and giving his companion a nod.

At the end of half a minute the woman returned.

"Mr. Devick is very busy valueing," she said, as she stood once more the gloomy hall, "and he says can you tell me your business?"

"No, ma'am; I must see him directly. Very important."

She went back, tapping at the thick door again, waiting for the muffled reply "Come in!" and as she disappeared the two officers once more exchanged glances.

At the end of another half minute she returned softly, beckoned to the men, and held the doors open for them to pass through, closing them again after them as she followed them in, and then walked slowly across to a chair and took up some work.

The position of the table had been changed, the curtains were drawn, and Devick was seated with a shaded lamp before him, and the light shining down upon several tiny packets of white paper, a couple of which he held in his fingers and was examining by means of a watchmaker's magnifying glass screwed into his eye.

He looked up at the men, with his face in the shade and the glass still in his eye, and in the most matter-of-fact manner said—

"Mr. Markus—yes, Markus"—this latter after a glance at the card lying before him on the table.

"Yes, sir; Markus—Inspector Markus, Scotland Yard. Like the lady to hear the business?"

"Oh, yes? Mrs. Marlow is my housekeeper, and quite in my confidence."

The inspector glanced at the woman, but her face was bent down over her work.

"Well, sir, in plain English, I have a warrant for the arrest of Edward Marshall, otherwise Gentleman Ned."

"Well, I" said Devick, stooping to turn the lamp up a little higher, but without removing the shade.

"Well, sir, we've been close upon him all day, and the last information we have is from a companion, who says he came here."

"Quite true," said Devick, without moving a muscle. "He came this afternoon while I was out. What time did you say it was when that man called here—about three?"

"About three," was the reply.

"I was out and he said that he would call again."

"Humph! You know him, Mr. Devick?"

"Well, I'm sorry to say I do know him. He came to me once or twice to buy some jewelry, but I felt suspicious of the man, and did not feel justified in dealing with him. I do not care about cut stones; they are not in my way. Are you a judge of diamonds, Mr. Markus?"

"Not much, sir. Should say these were not much account."

"Ah! then you would be wrong," said Devick, taking up a dingy crystal about the size of a large pea. "There is one—an Indian stone, which will cut well. In the rough, it is worth at least sixty guineas."

As he spoke he dropped the crystal into one of a pair of scales, placed a little weight both giving out a sharp clink. Then, raising the scales, he said with a smile—

"Yes—quite sixty guineas."

"Shouldn't have thought it, sir," said the officer. "Do you expect Ned Marshall here again?"

"Well, yes; I should say he would call. Most likely. Is he wanted—for anything serious?"

"Yes, sir; very serious. Where does he live?"

"Well, really, Mr.—er—Markus, I have not the least idea, and I would a great deal rather he did not come here."

Devick took the glass from his eye, and rubbed the lens softly as he gazed inquiringly at the officer and his man in turn, while the latter stood softly polishing the glazed top of his heavy hat.

"Humph!" muttered the officer, giving a quick, keen professional look round at the place and then back at the quiet business man, whose forehead was wrinkled up as if he were troubled by the interruption.

"Why don't you watch the house, Mr. Markus?" said Devick, suddenly. "You could then catch the man when he came up."

"Humph! Yes, sir."

"But pray don't let there be any disturbance! I mean, arrest him before he comes to the door."

"I'll see to that, sir" said the officer, glancing once more round. "You can't tell me any more, then, as to Marshall's whereabouts?"

"No, Mr. Markus; no."

"Then, I'll not detain you, sir."

"Thank you; I am very busy."

"Good-morning sir. Now, Joel."

"Good-morning, Mr. Markus. I'm sorry—no really though, I am not sorry. It would be very unpleasant to me to have to place a man in the hands of the law."

"Dessay it would, sir," said the officer, looking in the pleasantly-smiling face. "Good-morning."

He turned as he was half-way across the room, and saw that Devick had already screwed the glass into his eye, and was holding a crystal in the full glow of the shaded lamp.

The next minute he had passed through the double doors held open for them by the woman, who afterwards ushered him, with rustling silk dress, out along the hall, and opened the street door for the men to pass.

"What next, sir?"

"What next, Joel? Hah! what next?"

"Like me to watch the house, sir?"

"Waste of time, Joel—waste of time. If he knows anything, there'll be a signal put up to keep the bird away."

"Think he do know anything, sir?"

"Yes; I think he knows a good deal, Joel. Artful kind of customer, but there's no touching him. Can't arrest a man without having good reason. I'll be bound to say if we searched that house we should find something."

"Why not search it then?"

"Why? What for? Must have reason, Master Joel, and him being as cunning as a man can be keeps it out of the question; but shall put suit on his tail yet, as sure as he's alive. Come on! I must have Ned Marshall before night."

The moment the door was closed, the woman went quickly back to the library, her bosom heaving, and a couple of red spots burning in her cheeks.

"How dare you tell that man that lie?" she cried.

"Lie? What lie?" said Devick, removing the glass from his eye. "That you were Clara Marlow, my housekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Because it was the truth. Now go, and don't let me be disturbed again."

There was something in the look that quelled the angry outburst in which she was going to indulge, and she shivered slightly and said, quickly—

"I did not see that man go."

"Perhaps not; but he has gone. There, that will do. I tell you I wish to be alone!"

He rose from the table and went towards her, but she drew herself up, as if to resist him.

"No, Clara," he said, in a low, half-bantering way, "you are not master. Do as I bid you. Go!"

She shrank from him as if afraid, and he followed her to the doors, closed both behind her; and then, after listening for a few moments, walked back to the fireplace, poked the smouldering cinders up into a blaze, and then went softly back, stood upon a chair, and opened a little slide above the door-frame, which gave him a view of the hall.

"Gone!" he said to himself, as he closed the slide, replaced the chair; then going to a shelf, on which stood a bottle and glass, he half filled the latter, drank the water, and wiped his brow, which was wet now with perspiration.

This done he took a towel from a drawer and tore it into squares.

His next act was to pour some more water into the glass, and next to draw the table on one side.

Wetting one of the squares of the towel, he wrung it out and knelt down upon the carpet, after placing the lamp upon the floor, so that the light shone down upon a dark patch, which he began to rub quickly with the moistened cloth, turning and daubing it till it was stained all over, and then burning it in the fire.

This he repeated till every piece of the towel had been taken, when he tore up another and used this in the same way, till there was no further discoloration, and the grate was full of ash; after which he replenished the fire, drew the table over the patch on the carpet, and went across the room to the projecting bookcase, to and fro, holding the shaded lamp so that the light fell upon every discoloration and spot, till, apparently satisfied, he replaced the lamp and drew in his breath with a low, hissing sound as he stood listening to what sounded like a faint groan.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

"WELL, have you had it out with the blackguard?"

"Don't, don't, Laurent!"

"Why not? He is a blackguard—are you afraid he will hear me?"

"No; he is not down in his room."

Doctor Marlow took a turn up and down the dingy but well-furnished drawing-room in Counter Street, Clerkenwell, and then stopped opposite to his sister.

He was a tall, portly, handsome man of forty, slightly gray, and having that smooth kid-glovey look and manner so valuable to a medical man.

There was a striking resemblance between him and the lady seated before him with knitted brows; and it needed not the tone of their conversation to prove that they were brother and sister.

"I don't care. I say he is a blackguard—a consummate scoundrel."

"Silence! I will not have him spoken of in that way in my presence, even by my own brother."

"And pray why not? Here is a man who has imposed upon you by a foreign marriage that does not hold good; whom you believe to be about to throw you over; who neglects you and ill-treats you shamefully; and yet you object to his being called a scoundrel."

"Yes, I do."

"And why, pray?"

"There, laugh at me if you like; I suppose you will. It is because I am a woman and very weak; I love him!"

"Bah! trash! A man like this who may at any time be in the hands of the police."

"The more reason for me to be faithful to him."

"A man without a single redeeming quality; whose profession is to deal in——"

"Hush! I never told you!"

"No; but I have found out for myself," said the other, coolly; "it is disgraceful."

"I don't see much to choose between his profession and yours."

"Clara you are mad."

"No, my dear Laurent, I am not, and I do not need your friendly help. I am quite safe, and I repeat that I do not see that the career of a mad doctor who takes very shady cases and is utterly——"

"Hush!"

"Utterly unscrupulous whom he shuts up in his padded rooms and cells so long as he is paid well, is much superior to that of Rice Devick. You both war against society."

"Silence woman!"

"Pish! you contemptible coward! You need not turn white and look round. There is no one in the house to hear you. You will both be in the hands of the police one of these days, for certain."

"Will you hold your tongue?"

"No; why should I?"

"I came to see you, and try to do you good, and you turn upon me like a savage beast."

"Let him alone, then," she said, sternly.

"But tell me then; have you talked with him?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"That I am not his wife."

"She scoundrel! Well, what do you mean to do?"

"I have my plans."

"Yes; but what are they?"

"I shall make him marry me again in the regular course."

"If he refuses?"

"I shall make him. Look here, Laurent, I am your younger sister—a woman—and you despise me; but some women can be strong of hand as men, and I shall make him do this thing. I will do it."

She rose from her seat as handsome as a queen, and with a stern look of determination in her eyes, which seemed to flash in the dingy room.

"Nonsense, Clara! you exaggerate your power. Listen to me. I make the proposal once again that I made to you a year ago."

"Go on."

"I say to you, leave this man, leave this wretched place, and come to me at Ridgeworth. Nobody knows of your early career, and you can come as my widowed sister, to take charge of my establishment."

"And play propriety over your patients, and receive inquiring people who are anxious about the dear relatives you have chained up."

"There is not a chain in the place," said the doctor, haughtily.

"Well, strait-waistcoats, then."

"You will hold a comfortable, dignified position," he continued, "and have plenty of servants, instead of being this man's drudge, without a single domestic on the premises."

"I do not want anybody; and, besides, I not drudge, as you call it."

"Why you have no servant!"

"All I require. A little charwoman

comes in and does the work, as she has done for many years, long before I came."

"Well, grant the servant, then; your position here is not reputable."

"I do not wish to change it."

"Nonsense! Now, my dear sister, as your brother, I must insist upon your leaving this man!"

"My dear Laurent, I am not suited for a female keeper of insane patients."

"My dear Clara, I ask you to be my lady housekeeper; to give your orders to the servants. As to the lunatics, those with whom you will come in contact are perfectly quiet and harmless. There, my dear; you will come?"

She shook her head.

"Is it a question of money?" he cried out.

"Oh, no, no!" she replied, very scornfully.

"What reason, then?"

"I have told you my reasons. In spite of everything, foolish as I may be, I love this man."

"One reason," he said, with a contemptuous look.

"The other is that I shall force him to do me justice in the sight of the world."

Dr. Laurent Marlow remained silent for a few moments, as if thinking, and then, tapping his glossy hat slowly, he said—

"I wanted to keep this away from you, so as not to give you pain. Now you force me to use it as a lever to make you quit this man. Clara, there is a lady in the case."

"I know it," she said, coolly.

"No, no, you cannot! He is, I hear on very good authority, pursuing a beautiful young girl, whom he will marry."

"I know it all; and it is quite true," she replied.

"Then you will come!" said the doctor, eagerly.

"Then I shall not come. Rice Devick will not marry this pretty wax doll. He will marry me. I shall make him."

"Pshaw!"

"Ah! sneer away! Let me see, Laurent you have always had a great admiration for pretty women."

"Well—er—well—er—that is, I have had some slight admiration for the sex," he replied, with a satisfied smile.

"I knew that too, you see, my dear brother. So you have come here to-day with the intention of helping me?"

"Of course I have."

"And without a single selfish thought?"

"Of course."

"You have not felt, I suppose, that it would be better and safer for you to have a woman in charge of your place—one whom you could trust?"

"I tell you I came to help and serve you, so don't sneer. How can you be so foolish? This girl has attracted Devick, and can you not see that your reign is now at an end?"

"No," she replied, quietly; "no. I have heard of cases where stern, determined women have got rid of their rivals."

"Oh, yes!" said Doctor Marlow; "Queen Eleanor, with the poison and the bowl. Which shall you choose, my dear sister?"

"Neither," she replied, shortly; "and let me tell you, my dear brother, that your age and appearance do not accord at all well with the character of jester."

"Acid of tongue as ever," he said.

"Yes, at times like this. Well, you say you will help me?"

"What, to leave this miserable life of degradation?"

"No; help me as I may wish to be helped."

"Yes, of course. But come with me, Clara."

She shook her head.

"No, I shall stay here. I am not going to give up my position. I am this man's wife and I am not going to resign my rights because there is some miserable legal quibble in the matter."

"Then how am I to help you?" he cried, very eagerly. "Shall I set a solicitor to work?"

She shook her head.

"I want no such help as that, Laurent," she said, laying her hand upon his arm; "but suppose I should say to you—here is a patient of whom I should like you to take care."

"A rich patient?"

"There," she cried, "money! I thought you were ready to help me."

"So I am."

"Then say no more about riches or poverty. I may want your help—I may want you to take charge of a patient,"

"Lady or gentleman?"

"Not a gentleman," said the woman, drily. "I don't say I shall ask you, but if I do, and I send you a lady to take care of, will you do it?"

"Is the—a little——"

"Mad? As mad as some of the patients you have had."

"But," he said, hesitating, "the law is getting to be so very strict. There is a great deal of risk now, and——"

"You will not help me?" said Clara, with a contemptuous look.

"No, I don't say that!" he cried, heartily; "I want you to understand that it is a very risky thing you ask me to do."

"You have run greater risks for fifty pounds."

"Well—er—but——"

"You will not run such a risk if it was necessary for the sake of the honor of your sister, about whose reputation you are so jealous."

"What a sharp-tongued woman you are!" he cried, wincing.

"Not at all. I am only showing you the plain truth, my dear brother."

"Once for all," he cried, "will you leave this wretched place, and come along with me?"

"To one more wretched? No, my dear brother, no."

He stamped his foot angrily.

"There," he cried; "I'm afraid there was some selfishness in my proposal, but not all. I do want to help you, and I will. But surely you will not stop here, Clara, and let this man—this scoundrel——"

"Silence! Don't call names."

"Well, then, this man insult you by marrying this new fancy of his."

"Have I not told you that I will not, Laurent? Am I not asking your help against it, my most obtuse brother?"

"There, then; say no more. I will help you all I can."

"Stop!" she said, quickly; "do not decide too hastily. It will be a risky business."

He wrinkled up his forehead and looked at her uneasily.

"Well," he said, "never mind. I'll do what you want."

"Do you mean it, Laurent?"

"If it is to help you and place you right, I will."

"It is to help me and place me right; and I promise you that if ever you suffer in the least by what you have done, I will recompense you in some way."

"Well, speak plainly," he said, drawing a long breath. "What is it you wish me to do?"

"No, that is one of the things I cannot do," she replied, with a smile. "I only say this; if I send you a visitor, will you take care that this visitor does not leave Dove House, Riverside, Ridgeworth, till I give permission?"

Doctor Marlow hesitated for a few minutes.

"You are asking a good deal," he said slowly.

"The new visitor may be mad, Laurent."

"I promise," he said, "on one condition."

"That there shall be payment?"

"No, no! That there shall be no violence—no act to call for police interference."

"Pooh, man! don't be alarmed. I only say—receive the visitor, and, however impatient the visitor may be to bring the sojourn to an end, this visitor is not to leave."

"I understand; and I will take care," he said, grimly. "When visitors come to my establishment, they always do stay till I arrange for them to go."

"Hush! here he is."

There was a step upon the stairs, and directly after Devick entered the room, to look suspiciously from one to the other.

"My brother has called to see me, Rice," said the woman, with a smile.

"Are you unwell, then?" said Devick.

"Yes; she wants tone," said Doctor Marlow, quickly. "Not quite up to the mark. I shall send her a little medicine, and soon put her right."

"What a blessing it is to have a brother who is a clever doctor!" said Devick, sarcastically, and with the suspicious look intensifying in his eyes.

"The services of any medical man are at times useful," said the doctor, with dignity; "and I should say, from the way in which you speak, Mr. Devick, that a little physical and moral treatment would do you good."

"Or a dose of poison to put me out of the way. Thanks, doctor, I am obliged. Mrs. Marlow, I want to speak to you."

Doctor Marlow started a little at the insulting allusion to poison, and a good deal more at hearing his sister evidently intentionally addressed as "Mrs. Marlow;" but she gave him a sharp, intelligent look and smile as she rose and laid her hand gently in his.

"Say good-bye now, Laurent," she said, gravely. "Mr. Devick wishes to speak to me on business. Send me in the medicine you propose, and I will take it."

She ushered him out of the room, after a stiff bow had passed between him and Devick, and as soon as the door had closed she returned to the drawing-room, where Devick was walking slowly up and down.

"What did he want?" saluted her as she entered.

"He came to see me."

"At your invitation?"

"No."

She looked at him without flinching, and he saw that she was speaking the truth.

"Look here!" he said, roughly; "I have no time for quarreling or bandying words. Your brother has a little practice somewhere, has he not?"

"Yes."

"And he is unmarried?"

"Yes."

"Then you had better go to him now and keep his house. There he can doctor you and set you right."

She looked at him, wondering at the similarity of ideas.

"Why should I leave my husband?" she said, quickly. "If I am ill, it is your duty to see that I am properly treated. No; I prefer to stay here."

"Your husband!" he cried, contemptuously.

"Yes," she said, rising and looking at him, with a fierce glow in her eyes that made him shrink; "my husband, with whom I intend to stay!"

CHAPTER VI.

A RICH MAN.

"DID you say anything to Gracie, wife?" said Adam Robson, as he sat at his bench—scarcely a work-bench, for there was no work to do.

Some weeks had passed since Rice Devick had made his proposal, and since then he had hardly been near the house.

For the first few days no work came; but formal applications had been received from a solicitor, to which Robson had replied by an appealing letter to Devick, who replied by sending him some work.

This was received as a token of better things, and Robson was feeling hopeful, and after so many hours at the necessary work, he turned again to his inventive scheme; but all his hopes were dashed by the service of a writ.

He appealed to Devick again, imploring him to give time.

Devick did not reply, but sent more work which was punctually returned, and hope rose once more; but only to be dashed again by another legal process.

This time, Robson went in person to his employer, who received him civilly enough and repeated his proposals, taking the refusal more kindly than before, and promising to see his solicitor about giving time.

"There; I will not be too hard upon you Robson," he had said; and there was another respite, for Devick's plans were not quite ripe.

It was during this pause in the social warfare in progress that Robson was seated at his bench one morning and asked his wife the above question.

"No," she replied; "I thought it better not. The poor girl is troubled enough in her mind about Doctor Brand."

"But she has some suspicion about Devick?"

"Trust a woman for that," said Mrs. Robson. "You don't suppose the woman was born yet who did not know when she was admired."

"But he has never spoken to her."

"No."

"And she has never spoken to you?"

Mrs. Robson shook her head, and her needle clicked more loudly than ever as she bent over her work, but glanced uneasily from time to time at her husband, who was now bending over his bench, with his head down upon his hands, the very image of despair; now busily mixing acids or other chemicals, which he carefully measured and weighed, and sometimes exposed to the heat of a spirit lamp, as if he were engaged in some form of doll's cookery which was always without result.

Mrs. Robson sighed gently as she thought of the long hours spent over those chemicals, the money they cost, and the apparently hopeless nature of the pursuit; but she felt that she dared not speak, so she sighed and stitched.

"He will surely weary of it at last," she said to herself, and she fervently prayed that it might be soon, for the pursuit of the imaginary way to wealth was bringing wrinkles into her husband's brow far deeper than would be cut by age.

"I am as certain as can be," he said at last in a strange and dreamy manner—"quite certain that I am close upon the way to make this answer, wife; but there is always some little difficulty in the road—some wretched little stumbling-block. I am at a standstill now for more nitric acid."

Mrs. Robson did not reply, but bent lower over her work, and the needle clicked against her thimble more loudly than ever.

Robson glanced at her uneasily, and then continued his experiment.

"One uses so much spirit, too," he said, as he trimmed his glass lamp. "I think sometimes," he cried, with a passionate outburst, "that I had better drink the spirit and buy oblivion from my cares."

"Adam, dear!"

"I do!" he cried, passionately. "I see men about me, such as that Gedge, drowning their sorrows, with drink. They have no cares. The world seems to go easily with them, while I strive forever and cannot win, for want of a few paltry pounds—a few wretched pieces of metal—which I could turn into thousands. Better learn to drink and drown my care."

"Husband!"

The work had been laid upon the table, and Mrs. Robson had gone to the back of his chair, to lay her cool hands upon the throbbing temples, and draw the weary head to her bosom and hold it there.

"You are weary and disappointed, dear," she said, softly, but with inexpressible tenderness and patience in her tone.

He made a deprecating sign with his hands, and tried to free himself, but she held him fast, and he ended by resigning himself to the position.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE BEE.—There is no blossom so rich in stores of sweetness as the red clover blossoms, as every schoolboy, whose privilege it is to pluck them and suck their nectar, well knows. But the honey bee never collects it, because it cannot. The corolla tube of the red clover is so deep and small that the bee cannot reach the honey. The bee knows this, and no one ever saw a hive bee on a red clover blossom. They do not waste their time in efforts to obtain sweets that are beyond their reach. But the bumble bee levies tribute on every red clover field in his bailiwick. As smart as the hive bee is, it has yet to learn a trick that is as old as the hills to its gigantic and more stupid seeming cousin.

When the bumble bee lights on a head of red clover he punctures a hole in the base of the corolla and, thrusting in his tongue, sucks out the nectar. Unfortunately this big, clumsy bee is not much of a honey maker. You might rob a score of bumble bee nests and not obtain a quarter of a pound of honey; and besides, his nests are few and far between. Consequently we will have to wait until the hive bee learns to drill into the blossom to get the nectar before we can have red clover honey for our waffles.

Bric-a-Brac.

A WISE DOG.—A dog in Providence sits before a piano, and yowls while he paws its keys.

MANNERS.—The Polynesians and the Malays always sit down when speaking to a superior. The inhabitants of Mallicollo, an island in the Pacific Ocean, show their admiration by hissing; the Esquimaux pull a person's nose as a compliment; a Chinaman puts on his hat where we should take it off, and among the same curious people a coffin is considered as a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health.

SERVICE IN MEXICO.—Servants are plentiful in Mexico, and you are pretty sure to have several descendants of the Aztec kings about the house if you hire one, for it is the rule that the whole family accompany the father or mother who goes out to service. Your cook brings her husband, her children, and pretty nearly all her relatives, and they are fed from your table, and sleep under your roof. The husband may be a shoemaker, or a saloon-keeper, or a hackman, but he lives where his wife works. There are usually rooms enough in the house for them all, and the only food they want is plenty of beans and what is left from your table.

THE LAND OF LARGE HATS.—Corea, on the coast of Japan, has been said to be a land of large hats, but this does not tell everything. One would hardly expect the following dimensions from this statement alone. At a large and historical town near the west coast, the British consul records that the hats worn by the poor women are baskets three and a half feet long, two and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, which conceal their faces as effectually as the white cloak worn by women of a better class over their heads. The men wear a basket of the same shape, but somewhat smaller. It requires however the use of both hands to keep it in place.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.—A curious ceremony was performed the other day at Travancore, India. The Maharajah was weighed against a mass of pure gold, which was then dispensed in charity. This queer custom is one of great antiquity, and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the forth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India, though of course gold is used only in the case of wealthy persons, the humblest sort being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony, in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed fourteen stone and three-quarters.

SEGARS.—A good story about General Grant has just come into print. At the time in question he was in the White House. One evening he was walking with Marshall Jewell, when they came to a little girl in distress because she had lost her way. It was evident that she was in need of something more than the direction which they gave; but the two men walked on. Soon General Grant excused himself for a moment. "Now," thought Mr. Jewell, "while the General's gone I'll step back and give that child some money." Both men were trying to do good by stealth, for that had been General Grant's errand. But it so happened that General Grant had not a cent about him, and when Mr. Jewell overtook the little girl he found her with an apron full of cigars. The man of many conflicts had emptied his pockets.

A THALER'S WORTH OF DOUBT.—One of the prettiest of literary anecdotes is related by Wilhelm Grimm, one of the pair of famous story-tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words, "You are the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother." "And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?" "Yes, certainly." "Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler; but here is a groschen, and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.

JUST LIKE A BOY.—"An' must I always say my prayers before goin' to bed?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes." "But, if I sit up all night, I needn't say 'em, need I?" "Yes." "Why?" "Oh, I don't know! Do hush and let me read!" "What are you readin'?" "A story." "What kind of a story?" About a man and a woman, and don't know all." "Is it a story?" "Yes." "Why don't you read the truth?" "If you ask another question to-night, I'll whip you!" "But I can ask another question in the mornin', mayn't I?" "Yes." "An' I musn't ask any more to-night?" "No—not another one, for if you do, I'll whip you." "I won't ask any more to-night, will I?" "No." "But I will in the mornin', won't I?" "Yes." "An' you'll whip me if I ask any more to-night, won't you?" "Yes." "Look here—not another word out of you now! If you ask another question, I'll whip you!" "But you said I could ask 'em in the mornin', didn't you?" "Yes." "And you won't whip me then, will you?" "No!" "But you will to-night, won't you?" "Here comes your father; and it's a good thing for you, for I was going to whip you!"

THE BRIDE.

BY SUSANNA J.

A task untried, a path unknown
You enter on to-day;
Your heart no more shall sink alone
Or leap in freedom gay;
No more alone, no more apart,
But with that dearer one
You share together, heart with heart,
Life's shadow and its sun.

True love can make a track of light
Across the desert gray;
And Love is shining warm and bright
On this, your bridal day;
And Love will twine in these glad hours
Of happiness and song
Those fragrant amaranthine flow'rs
That bloom a whole life long.

But yet unknown must be the path
On which to-day you go,
And all the gifts the Future hath
The years to come must show.
Yet you shall feel no more apart;
The sweetest thought of all
Is yours—"I have a kindred heart,
Whatever may befall!"
And mark—so long as life endures
Let nothing come between
The sunshine of his heart and yours,
But walk in faith serene.
Then shall you never walk alone
Or sigh for freedom gay,
Or weary of th life unknown
You enter on to-day.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

IT was an awful ride which Lady Blanche had undertaken, and for the remainder of her life she remembered that night journey.

At times the sky grew overclouded and rain fell; more than once they strayed from the road—if the rough track, sometimes little more than a vague depression in the heather, could be called a road.

But Lady Blanche seemed insensible to fatigue or danger.

With her beautiful face white and set like a statue's, she rode at Donald's side in silence, her eyes fixed on the darkness before her, her whole soul consumed by the one desire to reach Bruce.

What she suffered that night no pen can tell.

At times she felt assured that she should find him dead. Dead! After all that she had done to win him!

After all, the sin and trickery she had stained her soul with would be of no avail!

There was no trace of remorse on her mind, only a wild, almost savage despair that it should all have been thrown away!

So they rode on, the tired horses urged onwards by Donald's spurs and her dainty whip, which she wielded with a hand of steel.

Towards dawn they came within sight of the stone house at Scartrom, and Donald grunted a note of satisfaction.

"I didna think we'd ever get here!" he said, gravely. "Your horse is nearly finished, me leddy, and my poor beast trembles under me. Let's hope we mayna be too late!"

Lady Blanche turned her white face to him distorted by a spasm of pain.

"Don't speak to me of being too late!" she said tremulously, and she gave her horse a cut with the whip.

Donald bent down in his saddle and examined the rough road.

"Thanks be to Heaven," he said, "the doctor's got here safely; I can see his horse's marks, me leddy."

They reached the house, and at the sound of their approach, Sir Joseph came to the door.

He started as his eyes fell on Lady Blanche, and he looked beyond her as if he expected to see some one else—Floris.

"Lady Blanche!" he said. "Have you come all this way——"

She fell rather than slipped from the saddle and caught his arm.

"Tell—tell me the truth!" she panted. "Is he——"

Her white face and suppressed emotion startled him.

"Lord Norman, thank Heaven, is alive!" he answered gravely.

Lady Blanche put her hands before her eyes and remained motionless for a moment, then she accepted Sir Joseph's arm and allowed him to lead her into the house.

"And you have ridden all this way in the dead of the night!" he said, scarcely yet realizing that it was really she who stood before him. "You must be wet through, Lady Blanche, and—and I am afraid there is no change of clothes; we have, unfortunately, no women-folk here."

She shook her head.

"It does not matter. No, I am not very wet. I do not care in the least. Sir Joseph, can I—can I see him? But of course I can! I have come to nurse him."

Sir Joseph stared.

If anyone should have come, it should have been Floris,—the girl to whom he was engaged. His thought found expression.

"Have you told—how is Miss Carlisle? I trust the sad news has not made her ill?" he said.

Lady Blanche looked up wildly. She had almost forgotten Floris!

"We—we did not tell her," she said, coldly and distinctly. "We thought it better not to do so until—until we know how Lord Norman really was. That is why I have come."

Sir Joseph felt surprised.

"You have not told her?" he said, gravely. "I am rather sorry, I think she ought to know. But perhaps she will follow with Lady Pendleton in the carriage?" he said.

"Perhaps so," assented Lady Blanche; "and now will you go and see if I may go to him, Sir Joseph?—Doctor Greene may want me."

He went upstairs, and came down again after what seemed an age to her.

"Yes; Doctor Greene says you may see him; but he thinks you should have some rest."

She took off her hat and put it down with a gesture of refusal.

"I do not want rest—I am not so very tired."

"Oh, Lady Blanche——"

"Sir Joseph, I must see him!" she pleaded.

"You will find him much altered," he said, warmly. "You will not be much startled?"

She shook her head.

"Sir Joseph, I have come to nurse him; Doctor Greene will tell you whether I am capable of doing so. Look at my hand!" and she held it out. It was as firm as a rock.

Sir Joseph nodded. Her presence—her manner, filled him with a vague uneasiness which he could not define.

"Will you follow me, then?" he said, and led her upstairs.

They entered the bedroom, and Lady Blanche, pressing her hand to her heart for a moment, unseen by Sir Joseph, glided to the bed.

There lay Lord Norman, white to the lips—white as the bandage about his head, saving for the dark red scars on his forehead which the savage stag had caused.

Beside him stood Doctor Greene, and at a little distance the miserable boy whose inexperience and youthful impatience had been the cause of the accident.

Doctor Greene looked up as she approached, and scanned her face critically.

"Is—is he asleep?" she whispered, huskily.

"No," he said aloud; "you need not be afraid to speak, Lady Blanche; he is quite unconscious, and will remain so, I am afraid for some time."

"Is he much hurt?" she asked, her eyes rivetted on the white face.

"Very much," he said, concisely. "The stag did not spare him, poor fellow!"

"Is it dead!" she ground out between her teeth, with a sudden savage flash of her eyes.

"Is it—the stag? I do not know."

"Yes," murmured Lord Harry, miserably, from the other end of the room.

She did not hear him, but stood with her eyes fixed on the motionless face, while she drew off her gloves.

"Sir Joseph tells me you wish to help me, Lady Blanche," said Doctor Greene. "Do you not think you had better rest for awhile? Your journey has been an extraordinary one for a lady to undergo."

She shook her head.

"I could not rest. Tell me what I am to do?"

He inclined his head, seeing that any further remonstrance would be useless.

"Keep his bandages moist, please," he said. "I am going downstairs to prepare fresh ones. Call me if he gives the slightest sign of returning consciousness."

As he left the room Lady Blanche sank on her knees beside the bed, and let her head drop until her lips rested on Lord Norman's.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she breathed. "You will not die! You must not die! No, Bruce, Bruce, live for my sake! My darling, my darling!"

Lord Harry stared at her with his bloodshot eyes, and almost frightened by what he had seen, rose and stole out.

The morning broke, and the sun came sleepily through the mist, and the noon and evening passed, and still Lord Norman lay as dead to all around him as if indeed life had passed the portals of his white lips; and still Lady Blanche knelt down by his side.

They had begged, almost insisted upon her taking some food, but beyond a glass of wine and a cup of milk, she had taken nothing.

"I could not eat," she said, very simply. "I am resting here. Do not worry me, please."

"Let her alone," said Doctor Greene to Sir Joseph. "She will be better and more docile to-morrow. The shock has been a very great one for her."

"What will it be to Miss Carlisle?" said poor Sir Joseph.

Towards nightfall the carriage from Ballyfloe arrived.

It contained Lady Pendleton and a nurse, but to Sir Joseph's amazement, no Floris came.

"Have you told Miss Carlisle?" he asked as he held Lady Betty's trembling hands, and tried to encourage her.

"No!" said Lady Betty, flushing and then turning pale again. "No; Miss Carlisle was summoned from Ballyfloe quite suddenly, before the news arrived!"

"Ah, that explains it!" he said, with a relieved air. "It is fortunate that it has happened so, though we may have to send for her. Now don't cry, Lady Betty. Doctor Greene does not withhold all hope; and we have got an excellent nurse in Lady Blanche."

Lady Betty flushed again, but before she could speak the door opened and Lady Blanche glided in.

Sir Joseph, thinking that he would be in the way, left them, and the two women confronted each other.

"You have come, then," said Lady Blanche. "Where are the things you have brought?"

"The nurse has them," said Lady Betty, coldly.

"The nurse!" echoed Lady Blanche. "Why did you bring one? I am the nurse, Lady Pendleton."

Lady Betty began to tremble.

"What right have you here?" she demanded. "Do you think Floris will be pleased when she hears——"

"Floris, Floris! I am sick of the name!" said Lady Blanche, with a curl of the lips. "Listen to me!" and she came quite close to the agitated woman. "Floris Carlisle is not here, she will not come here. You know why, as well or better than I do. Do you think because she has jilted and deserted him, that I should do so too? Wait! I have come down because I have something to say to you. Remember, please, that I am Lord Norman's relative; that I am nearer to him that any Floris, jilt or no jilt, and that it is I—I and no one else—who will tell him how she has deserted him! I will brook no interference from anyone but Miss Carlisle, and do not expect to meet with any from her!" and, with a wave of the white hand, she swept noiselessly from the room.

The days passed; the little stone house, which had been built for pleasure, had become like a hospital.

Everything that could be done was done, and with a lavish, unsparing hand. The sick-room was transformed from its old bareness to a comfortable, even luxurious apartment; a subdued hush prevailed about the place; Sir Joseph had procured an eminent physician from Edinburgh to consult with Doctor Greene; every luxury obtainable was forwarded from Ballyfloe daily; but still Lord Norman lay unconscious and almost motionless.

Poor Lord Harry had been sent home in a state bordering on despair, and the doctors began to look grave and solemn.

"I really think Miss Carlisle ought to be sent for," said Sir Joseph, on the fifth day; but Lady Blanche shook her head.

"But, but there is great danger now, Lady Blanche," he said, in a hushed voice.

She shook her head again.

"Why should she be sent for?" she answered from where she knelt beside the bed. "What good could she do? The shock might kill her! Let us wait another day. Besides, she is with her mother, who is dying," she added, almost suddenly.

Sir Joseph looked his surprise.

"I have not heard that!" he said.

"It is true," said Lady Blanche. "Let us wait. He—he will not die."

Sir Joseph shook his head very doubtfully.

"He will not, I say!" she repeated, almost fiercely. "Do you think I do not know? I have watched him night and day. He will not die!"

Sir Joseph did not know what to say or do.

There seemed something mysterious in Floris's prolonged absence which he could not understand.

Why had they not told him that her mother was ill? If he mentioned her name to Lady Betty she began to cry and tremble; he decided that he would wait, as Lady Blanche had requested him.

On the evening of the fifth day, as Doctor Greene stood beside the window, looking out on the wild scene with a gray and anxious face, he heard Lady Blanche whisper his name, and turned noiselessly to the bed.

Lord Norman had opened his eyes and was looking at Lady Blanche with an expression of consciousness in them.

Doctor Greene held up his hand, but there was no occasion to warn her; white and calm she met the sick man's feverish glance in silence.

His lips moved.

"Blanche!" he breathed. Even then she did not speak, but her hand stole along the bed-clothes and enclosed his hot, wasted one.

"Blanche! You here? What has happened? Ah! I remember—" he added, with a faint effort at a smile. "Is—is the boy safe?"

"Lord Harry is all right," said Doctor Greene. "He has gone home."

"Poor boy! I am glad of that. I am very tired! How long have I been lying here? The whole day?"

Doctor Greene drew a silk handkerchief across the feverish eyes.

"Don't talk now, Norman," he said. "Try and sleep. We will tell you all about it in the morning."

With a gesture of obedience he turned his head on the pillow, his hand still on Blanche's, and Doctor Greene, after waiting for half-an-hour, went downstairs for some stimulant.

He had scarcely gone than the sick man stirred uneasily, and began to talk.

Lady Blanche leant forward eagerly, her heart beating; but at the first word she shrank back.

"Floris!" he murmured. "Floris, my darling! How good of you to come! I knew you were here! I have dreamed that you were by my side. Do you think I did not know whose dear hand it was that touched my forehead? My dear, my dear!"

There was a pause for a moment, then his hand pressed Lady Blanche's weakly.

"Floris, I think you have saved my life! I should have died but for the thought of what you would suffer! So I have been fighting death all night, dear, for your sake and my own. Don't cry! I know you are crying, though I cannot hear you! Don't cry! I shall be all right again directly! I am all right now, if—if I could only move; but I seem to have lost my legs! My poor darling, how frightened you must have been! I am almost sorry that they fetched you! and yet I could not have done without you! Ah, my darling, I have never known until now how dearly I love you! You have been like an angel beside my bed all the night! You thought I did not see you—know you! But I did! I knew the touch of your hand even! Floris, Floris, will you kiss me, dear? I don't know whether I am fit to kiss! That poor brute struck straight at my face! But if I am not too bad, kiss me, Floris!"

Lady Blanche lifted her white, drawn face and kissed him; then, with a shudder running through her weary frame, she dropped her head on the bed, clutching the clothes in a wild, mad despair.

Surely if she had sinned here was her punishment.

To be taken for Floris, to hear his passionate words, adressed, as he thought, to the girl he loved! Oh, it was hard to bear—it was almost more than she could bear.

Doctor Greene came in and found her racked by the torture, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Lady Blanche, you are quite worn out. For my sake—for I am not covetous of another patient—go and take some rest. He is asleep now, and will be better when he wakes. This is the crisis, and we have passed through it favorably, thank Heaven!"

She raised her head, and he started at the sight of her haggard face.

"He—he will be better when he wakes? He will know me?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Then let me wait," she pleaded, meekly—"let me wait. I have waited so long—so long for this!"

He could not find it in his heart to deny her, but shook his head gravely.

"You will be ill, for a certainty," he said; "you are ill now."

"No, you will see! I am stronger than you think. It is the delight, the joy at hearing him speak. Will you give me a glass of wine?" she added hurriedly.

The news spread through the place instantly that Lord Norman had spoken, and the gloom that had hung over one and all lightened if only for a moment.

Sir Joseph at once sent a messenger to Ballyfloe with the glad tidings.

But Lady Betty only cried and trembled the more, and was afraid to go and see him.

How could she look into his wasted face and anxious eyes, knowing what she did!

All night Lady Blanche sat with his hand in hers—hers which he thought was Floris's!—and in the morning he woke, with the fever left far behind.

"Why, Blanche," he said, feebly; "still here? Where is Floris? Has she gone to lie down?"

She inclined her head.

"I am glad of that. Poor girl! She must need some rest, surely! She has been watching beside me all night, hasn't she?"

Lady Blanche smoothed the bedclothes.

"Don't talk yet, Norman," she said huskily.

He smiled.

"It won't hurt me. I am ever so much better, ever so much."

He looked round the room, and the curtains and furniture which had been brought from Ballyfloe caught his attention. It struck him that they could not have been brought in a single night, and he turned his dark eyes upon her.

"Blanche, how long have I been lying here?"

"Six days, Norman," she faltered.

"Six days! Six—and Floris has been watching all the time! My poor darling!" and the tears—he was still fearfully weak and easily moved—rose to his eyes. "Six days unconscious! And of course you all thought I was going to die? My own poor darling, how she must have suffered! Is she very ill, Blanche?"

Lady Blanche shook her head. She could not speak.

Every word he uttered went through her heart like a knife thrust.

"No? I am glad, glad, glad! But white and thin, Blanche, eh? Poor Floris! We must nurse her now, Blanche. My darling. Ah, Heaven, how I have longed to be able to speak to her! But though I knew she was here—though I knew she held my hand, and could feel her breathe sometimes I could not speak. I suppose I was half-unconscious, eh, Blanche?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Am I very much knocked about?"

She was silent.

"Oh, don't think I am anxious about my personal appearance," and he laughed weakly. "But am I too much knocked about to let her make it an excuse for putting off the wedding? I want to be married directly I can get about. Eh, Blanche?"

"Yes, she won't refuse now. A sick man mustn't be contradicted, that you know. How long has she been lying down? I wouldn't have her disturbed for the world, but I shall be so glad to see her. Doctor," turning his head, "do you think there is any fear of my going off my head again?"

"Not if we are careful not to excite you," said Doctor Greene, looking at Blanche significantly.

Lord Norman laughed.

"Oh, you won't excite me," he said. "I have had enough in the way of excitement to outshine anything you can do in that line! I shall never forget seeing that mad boy rushing on to his death, as it seemed! Thank Heaven I was able to get up to his side in time! Poor boy! Gone home, has he? I must write to him as soon as I can—I'll get Floris to write to-day, and tell him I'm all right! When we are married he shall come and stay with us!"

He paused for want of breath, then fixed his eyes on Lady Blanche's face.

"Blanche, you are a good girl! You have been helping Floris to nurse me, eh? It is just like you! You look pale and tired; you have overdone yourself. When Floris comes back I shall tell her to send you away for the whole day."

She found her voice at last.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly, "when Floris comes back I will go away and rest. But—but she is more tired than I am, Bruce and the doctor has ordered her to keep to her room."

"My poor darling!" he murmured, fervently. "Go to her, Blanche, and give her my love, will you? And tell her she is not to come to me on any account until she is quite rested," he added, wistfully.

Lady Blanche rose and supported herself by a chair for a moment, then she found strength to creep out of the room.

Her punishment was almost heavier than she could bear.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY BETTY was waiting for her in the sitting-room, waiting in the greatest agitation and distress, mingled with her joy for the news.

"Oh, Blanche, is he really better?" she exclaimed, forgetting her animosity for the moment.

"Yes," said Lady Blanche, curtly; "he is better, but his life hangs by a thread—I know that. I have come to ask you what you intend to do."

"To do?"

"Yes. Do you mean to see him? If you do, he will see by your face that something is wrong; he will ask you questions about—about Floris Carlisle. And what will you say? Can you keep your countenance, and lie as I have done?"

She spoke with such suppressed savageness that Lady Betty shrank from her.

"What am I to say?" she moaned.

"Whatever you say will lead him to guess the truth or wring it from you; and if he learns it, it will kill him! Do you hear me? —kill him!"

Lady Betty began to cry feebly.

"Has he asked for her?" she sobbed.

"Yes," said Lady Blanche, turning her head aside; "yes; he thinks that she is in the house. I have told him that she is resting."

"Oh, how could you do that?"

Lady Blanche laughed. It was an awful laugh, and it made her listener shudder.

"I would tell him anything to avert the blow! It must come sooner or later, but unless you want to kill him let it come later!"

"It is dreadful!" moaned Lady Betty. "I cannot understand it! I will never believe that she has done what you say."

"Jilted him, and run off with Bertie Clifforde?" said Lady Blanche, fully. "I admire your faith. I suppose you have written to her?"

"I wrote to her before I left Ballyfloe," said Lady Betty. "I wrote to Westbury, where her mother lived. I wrote to Matilda who first recommended her to me when she came as a companion, but I have received no answer!"

Lady Blanche smiled. She knew that Josine had taken the letters from the post-bag.

"How could you have received any answer seeing that Floris Carlisle has gone with Bertie Clifforde, and that Lady Matilda is on the continent!" she said, contemptuously.

"I am half distracted!" exclaimed poor Lady Betty.

"And he will see it, and question you. Sick men are keen at reading people's faces."

"What shall I do?" demanded poor Lady Betty, helplessly.

"Go back to Ballyfloe," said Lady Blanche, firmly. "He does not know you are here! Go back to Ballyfloe, and I will tell him that you would not see him for fear of exciting him, and that you have taken Floris Carlisle with you."

"Perhaps it will be best," sobbed Lady Betty, yielding and bending before the stronger will. "Poor Bruce! Poor Floris! Blanche," — suddenly — "I cannot help thinking—Heaven forgive me if I wrong you!—that you know more about this than you let out, that—that you have had some hand in it," she said, gazing at the white, set face fixedly.

Lady Blanche met her gaze steadily.

"You pay me too great a compliment!" she said, with a sneer. "I know nothing about it. The girl did not make me her confidante! But I am not surprised at her conduct. What can you expect from a person of her class?"

"Blanche! She was a true lady!"

Lady Blanche sneered.

"I daresay; I don't care! I do not wish to talk of her, or hear of her again. I have forgotten her!" and she made a simple gesture with her hand. "Well, will you go?"

"Yes, I will go!" said Lady Betty. "I will go at once. Poor Bruce, poor Bruce!"

Lady Blanche's face flushed.

"Save your pity for those who need it," she said, quietly. "'Poor Bruce,' as you call him, is a fortunate man to have been deceived before marriage instead of afterwards," and with this last dagger-thrust she left her.

She waited downstairs until the carriage had started with Lady Betty, then went up to the sick-room. Lord Norman was asleep and Doctor Greene was standing watching him. There was a complacent and relieved expression on the young physician's face, and he nodded cheerfully.

"He is better?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said; "he is all right now. This sleep is the sure and certain evidence of his recovery; it is the sign-post at the end of the long dark road. Lady Blanche, we owe a great deal to you! I have never met with a more devoted nurse—never! But we must still be careful. I must confess to you that I should feel more confident if Miss Carlisle was here!"

Her lips tightened.

"He has murmured her name several times in his sleep. We were wise to deceive him respecting her absence; but I am afraid when the truth has to be told that it will prove a dreadful shock!"

"Why should the truth be told then?" she said, coldly. "Leave it to me," and she glided to her accustomed place, and took Lord Norman's hand in her own. The young doctor looked at her with curiosity and admiration.

"You would risk, dare anything, on his behalf?" he murmured.

"Life itself!" she said curtly.

When Lord Norman awoke again he found her sitting beside him, her hand still holding his.

"Floris!" he said eagerly; then his face fell. "Oh, it is you, Blanche! Is Floris still resting?"

"No," she said, sweetly and tenderly. "Don't be angry, Bruce! I have sent her away!"

"Sent her away!" he repeated, with a sad disappointment in his voice.

"Yes, she was ill, would have been made very ill by the excitement of seeing you, Bruce, so I persuaded her to go back to Ballyfloe. You will not be parted long, that is if you make up your mind to get better soon."

He turned to the doctor eagerly—

"Greene, how long do you think it will be before I can get to Ballyfloe?" he asked, wistfully.

"Can't say! Depends on yourself! If you keep quiet, and do as I tell you, you will be there in no time."

"'No time' will seem a long time," he murmured sadly. "Poor Floris! I hoped to have seen her to-day! But I am glad she has gone. It was like your thoughtfulness, Blanche, to send her! How shall I ever repay you for all you have done for me—and for her?"

From that moment his recovery was rapid. If he had had his way he would have left Scarfross a couple of days from this, but Doctor Greene stood firm, and would not hear of his undertaking the journey for another week.

But at the end of the week a comfortable, the most comfortable of the Ballyfloe travelling carriages, filled with every luxury a convalescent could require, arrived at Scarfross, and to his immense satisfaction he started for "home," as he called it.

With the exception of a scar on his forehead, and a somewhat pale and thinned face, he looked very little the worse for his illness, and Doctor Greene complimented him upon the way he had pulled through.

"I don't mind telling you now, Norman, that at one time I had almost given you up, —I had indeed!"

And Lord Norman laughed with a flush on his cheeks and a light in his eyes.

"A man dies hard, Greene; when he has as much to live for as I have!" he said, and Lady Blanche, who stood near, winced and trembled. "I can't thank you as I ought, Greene," he added quietly; "but I'll leave that to Miss Carlisle; she will be eloquent enough, I daresay."

They started early in the morning. Lord Norman and the young doctor travelling in the big carriage, and the rest of the party following how they liked.

At the last moment Lady Blanche decided to ride back; she could not, in her present state of mind, have endured being shut up in a carriage with other persons.

As the moment approached in which the story of Floris's disappearance must be told, her heart grew anxious and apprehensive.

He was not throughly recovered even yet, and the shock, she knew, would be a terrible one.

There were times when she felt as if she could not go on with the awful tragedy, as if she must break down and confess the conspiracy; but after a time her courage came back to her; she hardened her heart, and resolved to go through with it.

"If I confessed he would hate me for the rest of his life, whereas now I stand some chance of winning him! Once we are married, I will teach him to forget Miss Carlisle!"

They arrived at Ballyfloe at dusk, and were greeted by Lady and Sir Joseph Lynch with the most cordial and affectionate welcome. It was quite a reception, in fact, all the guests who remained thronging the terrace and pressing forward to express their delight at seeing him amongst them again.

Lord Norman, as he shook hands and responded to their kind expressions, kept glancing to the right and left and beyond them to the hall door, with barely-suppressed eagerness.

"Where is Floris?" he asked quite audibly, of Lady Lynch.

Before she could answer, Lady Blanche laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Bruce, Doctor Greene says you are to go in at once; the air is chilly for you."

He laughed grimly.

"You see, Lady Lynch, they intend to treat me as an invalid still, and I suppose I must bow beneath their tyranny! I shall see you at dinner."

"Better dine in your own room to-night, Norman, I think," said Doctor Greene. "You have done quite enough for to day."

They escorted him to his apartments almost as if he were a royal personage, and Lady Blanche went to her own room. As she opened the door, she saw Josine standing waiting for her.

Lady Blanche started and flushed, then she closed the door.

"Is there any news, Josine?" she asked calmly. Josine shook her head.

"No, miladi,"

"She—she has not written?"

"No, miladi there have been no letters. If there had been, I would have intercepted them and given them to miladi."

Lady Blanche drew a breath of relief.

"Then—then you have heard nothing?" she faltered.

"Nothing of Miss Carlisle! Nothing whatever. I know nothing except that Miss Carlisle left Ballyfloe with Milord Clifforde," she said steadily

Lady Blanche dismissed her with a wave of her hand and sank into a chair.

She knew that Lord Norman would send for her presently, and in a few minutes his valet knocked at the door and begged her to come to his master.

She rose, glanced at her face in the glass, and followed the man. The critical moment had arrived.

Lord Norman was pacing up and down the room impatiently; his travelling cloak of sable was thrown across a chair, as if he had but just flung it off, and he had made no attempt at changing his clothes.

"Blanche," he said, facing her. "Why doesn't Floris come? Where is she? Why is it that no one mentions her name? Is she in the house—she must be at this hours. I asked my man if she were dressing for dinner, but I could get no satisfactory answer from him."

Lady Blanche was silent; she could not speak for the moment,—could not take her eyes from his, in which already there began to dawn an overpowering anxiety and apprehension.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed; "what does this mean?—is she ill? For Heaven's sake! if you have any news to tell me, tell it me at once. Suspense kills me—what is it?"

She moistened her lips.

"Floris is not at Ballyfloe, Bruce."

"Not at Ballyfloe!" he repeated, with wide opened eyes and knit brow. "Where is she, then? Great Heavens! why didn't you tell me before I left Scarfross; I could have taken train at a nearer point than this! You know I am dying to see her!"

Her heart hardened, and she met his impatient gaze steadily.

"I do not know where she is, Bruce," she said, quietly.

"Not know! What do you mean? When did she go—and why?"

"She left Ballyfloe nearly three weeks ago, Bruce,—the day you started for Scarfross."

"What!" he cried, in a terrible voice; "what—where? I have had no letter! Ah, I see—you have kept it from me because I was ill. I see,—I see! But for Heaven's sake, give it to me now,—give them all to me——" and he held out his hand.

She shook her head.

"I have no letter for you, Bruce; she has written to no one."

His hand fell on his side.

"Written to no one, Blanche!" his face growing white. "What is this infernal mystery?—why did you lie to me the other day, and tell me that she was at Scarfross? Has she not been there at all?"

"She has not been there, Bruce. She left here when you did, and we have not heard a word from her since."

He strode forward and seized her arm.

"Quick, tell me all!" She is dead! I know it! I can read it in your face! Quick, tell me!"

"No, Bruce she is not dead that I know of—indeed I do not know. But—but—oh, Bruce, can you bear it?" she whispered.

"I can bear anything better than this suspense," he cried, hoarsely; "Don't you see it's maddening me!"

"Oh, Bruce! Bruce!" she moaned. "It is so hard for me to have to tell you! But you will hear it from me best! Bruce, be firm: be brave! Dont look at me so, or I cannot go on!" for his eyes seemed penetrating to her soul.

He looked aside and motioned to her to go on.

"Bruce," she whispered, almost inaudibly,—for her heart nearly stood still with fear, with actual fear that when her lips formed the words he should strike, perhaps kill her,—"Bruce, Floris Carlisle is not worth a thought from you! She is a bad, wicked girl——"

"What!" and he laughed a short wild laugh of mockery. "Go on, go on! You are mad! Floris is what?"

"Judge for yourself!" she retorted, stung into courage. "Floris Carlisle has jilted you, Bruce, and run off with Bertie Clifforde."

He looked at her with a dull, perplexed gaze.

"Is this an elaborate joke, Blanche?" he asked quietly; then as he scanned her face his grasp on her arm grew tighter, and he drew her to him so that she thought he was going to kill her.

"What do you say! Say it again—say it again! I didn't hear you—I could not have heard you. I must be delirious still! Floris—Floris!—well, can't you speak?" he said, harshly.

"Bruce, it is quite true! Would to Heaven it were not! She has left you, Bruce! She has gone off with Bertie Clifforde!"

He dropped her arm and stepped back, then he looked at her calmly, quietly.

"It must be a lie!" he whispered, huskily, just as Floris had whispered to Josine a fortnight ago!

She shook her head.

"It is the truth, Bruce!"

"How do you know? She has not written; she has—oh, Heaven! am I awake or dreaming? Blanche, for Heaven's sake, tell me all? I know there is some hideous mistake—of course there is some mistake, and it must be put right at once. But tell me all—don't waste a moment! Now,—now!"

"Bruce, I can only tell you what I know. The day you left she received a telegram; she started for the railway station at once, and there she met Bertie, Clifforde——"

"A lie!—a lie!" he groaned.

"Bruce, it is no idle scandal. Josine saw them go off together."

"Josine, Josine! Who is Josine?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Lady Betty's maid.—a great friend of Floris's."

"Fetch her!—fetch Lady Betty!" he said, pointing to the door.

Lady Blanche went out—she was glad to get out, if even for a moment or two, from the sight of his face, the sound of his voice.

In five minutes she returned with the two others.

He was still sitting in the chair, looking vaguely, vacantly out of the window.

"Oh, Bruce!" sobbed poor Lady Betty, going to him; but he kept her back, with upheld hand.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "tell me what this means! Speak the truth, if you can, or by Heaven——!"

His glance was terrible, and even Josine quaked; but she had gone too far to draw back.

"Milord, I know nothing but this," she said in a low, steady voice—and she repeated her lesson.

For a certainty Miss Carlisle had left Ballyfloe with Lord Clifforde.

"And you—you believe this!" he demanded, turning to Lady Betty.

"What can I do, Bruce!" she wailed. "It is true; I have seen the porter, the guard, and—and——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEAPOLITAN STORY-TELLERS.—A provider of amusement which many of the Neapolitan lazzaroni greatly delight in is the old-fashioned story-teller. He is to be found, a writer in a contemporary tells us, only in the gardens and kitchens of the smallest inns, and never emerges into the more respectable quarters of the town or the dining-rooms that foreigners frequent. Indeed he is rarely fitted to appear there to advantage; his clothes are shabby and not improbably torn, and his breath is so strongly perfumed with garlic that, in order to enjoy his company, it is necessary to keep on the weather-side of him. In his customary haunts he is a welcome guest.

He enters them with a confident mien, and eyes those who are seated at the tables; if they are too few or too poverty-stricken, he retires with a bow; otherwise he stations himself in a convenient position, assumes an imposing attitude, and coughs. All conversation is hushed in a moment, and the chairs are pushed so as to allow their occupants a full view of the narrator. He usually introduces his tale by some short moral remark such as, "Gentlemen, though it is the duty of children to obey their parents it is not well for fathers and mothers to impose too severe a restraint on their inclinations, as the history of Princess X. clearly shows. Listen to it and you will agree with me."

His stories are generally of a romantic and pathetic character, and they deal freely with fabulous animals and supernatural events. In the more moving scenes passages of verse are introduced. When the narrator trusts his voice, he sings them, otherwise he pronounces them in a declamatory tone, strongly emphasising rhyme and rhythm. During the rest of the performance his manner is easy and animated by turns. He relates the adventures of his hero almost as if they had happened to himself; he indulges freely in gesture and mimics the voices of the principal characters. He stops at a critical point and collects. If the harvest is satisfactory, he returns to his post and finishes the narrative; if not, he retires with a polite bow. One of these men is said to have made a large profit by forgetting the conclusion of his best story. What the story was no one can now say; but tradition reports it to have been the best ever told in a tavern garden. Nobody who heard the beginning had any rest till he knew the end; and, on the narrator departing without finishing it, the disappointed listeners suspected each other of stinginess. When the story-teller reappeared after a few days, the same tale was eagerly demanded, and the contributions were unusually liberal; but, he departed as before. The same scene was repeated a number of times, and in different parts of the town. At last the frequenters of one of the taverns where he often appeared came to an understanding with each other. He should not have another *soldo* till the tale was told to the very end. When he asked for the plate, the innkeeper informed him of the resolution of his guests, and offered himself to collect the coppers and keep them till the story was finished. It was only then that the old man confessed with tears that he had quite forgotten how the beautiful princess escaped from her difficulties. All he could remember was that the conclusion was happy. Then he hurried away without even making a bow, and never again revisited the garden.

FAREWELL.

BY EDITH H. CROSS.

Eyes of all sorrow that tell,
Lips where Love's memories dwell,
Glances that torture me, bidding me stay—
Hide them, oh, hide, lest I yield to their sway!
Farewell forever—farewell!

Sweet, in the years that remain
Life will be hopeless and vain,
Yet for thee only Love's fetters I break,
Leaving thee, grieving thee, all for thy sake—
Bearing my solitude's pain.

Words I can give thee no more,
All has been told thee before.
Bid me not linger—thy trembling lips press
Closely to mine in Love's longing caress!
Farewell—the vision is o'er!

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

ANGELA'S quick eyes at once noticed that he wore the pink moss-rosebud which her mother had given him. How carefully he must have cherished it! Why did her mother's face flush crimson when her eyes fell upon it?

Why did people smile when they saw the handsome Captain lingering by her mother's side?

Why did other men make way with a smile and a bow? Why did he dance with her so often?

There was some understanding between the Captain and her mother which she had never suspected before, and she had not the faintest idea what it was.

Once, when she was standing near Lady Bellamy, she overheard some one say to her ladyship, "It will be the most sensible and the most brilliant match of the season;" but she had not the faintest idea to whom the remark referred.

She overheard too the reply that was given, and it was, "Yes; now that he has sown his wild oats, he will settle down into a good husband."

She wondered for a moment who it was the speaker had alluded to, and then forgot all about the incident.

It was a delightful ball, and mother and daughter frequently met during its progress.

Angela had no lack of partners; but she noticed, and thought it strange, that whenever she saw her mother Captain Wynyard was by her side.

When the ball was ended, it was Captain Wynyard who drew the soft fleecy wrap round Lady Rooden's shoulders, it was Captain Wynyard who placed mother and daughter in the carriage, and spoke in a low tender voice of the beauty of the stars in June; and then, bending his handsome head, with a look of unutterable love in his eyes, he kissed her ladyship's white hand.

Angela did not hear his "Good-night" to herself—the shock she had just received had been too great.

Her mother's hands were sacred in her eyes; her father had kissed and caressed them.

He too had held them sacred; and now this man, whom she so disliked and mistrusted by instinct, had dared to kiss them!

Her face burned with indignation and her eyes flashed with anger. That he should dare to treat her own mother so, her dead father's wife, to her mind all the more sacred because he was dead!

That any man should dare to approach this beautiful mother of hers—who was enshrined in her heart with her father, never to be separated from him—with whispered words and kisses seemed horrible to her.

"My mother—my mother!" she cried to herself. "How dare he?"

But she spoke no word of what filled her heart until they reached home; then she went into her mother's room.

Her ladyship had taken off her dress of amber velvet, she had laid aside her jewels and she sat, the very picture of comfort and luxury, with her golden hair falling like a shimmering veil over her white shoulders. Angela hastened to her.

She flung herself upon her knees at her mother's feet, and raised her lovely face to hers.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I saw him, and it has almost broken my heart!"

"Saw what, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden, looking up in wonder, and with a little laugh.

"I saw him—Captain Wynyard—kiss your hand, mamma! I saw him! Never let him do that again. How dare he? It was my father's privilege. No man but he had the right to kiss them. Now that he can kiss them no more, do not permit any one else. Oh, mamma, when I saw him—saw what he was doing—I felt so jealous for my dead father's sake! I felt that in some way his memory was outraged. Oh, mamma, mamma, promise me that you will never let him do that again!"

She caught her mother's shapely white hands and kissed them several times passionately.

"It is right for me," she cried: "I am my father's child. But they are not for him, mamma, those sweet white hands that I love."

Then Lady Rooden seemed to recover from the shock of the passionate loving words.

"My dear Angel," she said, "you cannot know what you are saying."

"I do—I do indeed, mamma! But promise me—say that Captain Wynyard shall never kiss your hands again!"

"I could not make such an absurd promise," laughed Lady Rooden. "Why, dear Angel, what a jealous little child you are!"

As Angela Rooden left her mother's room that night, the terrible shadow that was to make her life so wretched began to fall over her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE garden-party at Lady Avon's lovely villa at Richmond, the grounds of which sloped down to the river Thames was one of the most successful of the season.

The guests were the creme de la crime of London society, and the weather was most propitious.

Lady Rooden and Angela were admittedly the belles of the fete. Her ladyship looked more beautiful than ever in dress of palest blue velvet elegantly trimmed with white lilac; a bonnet of blue velvet and a plume of white lilac crowned her golden hair.

Her gloves matched her dress; so did the pretty Parisian shoes. Angel wore a dress that suited her slender girlish beauty well—white, with a profusion of rich carnations—a most effective costume.

Wherever between the trees the blue velvet and white lilac gleamed, there was to be seen also a small gathering of ardent worshippers; but Angela's happiness was unclouded until she saw Captain Wynyard, with a smile on his handsome face, take his place by her mother's side, when a feeling of uneasiness possessed her which she could not shake off.

Angela had as many admirers as her mother, but at present they did not interest her.

She liked dancing for dancing's sake; the sweet strains of the music and the gliding movement were a delight to her. Consequently, if one of her partners danced better than another, she preferred him. Such matters as birth and fortune did not interest her.

She admired any one who sang well, spoke well, danced well, rode well; but, so far as admiration for herself was concerned, it did not interest her or make the slightest impression upon her.

She was essentially one of those who are born and destined to love, once, and once only, with a love worth a thousand smaller affections.

She could not have wasted her love in meaningless flirtations. Hence her partners gave her no concern so long as they danced well.

She hardly remembered their names, so little interest did she otherwise take in them.

She knew the same faces crowded round her nightly, but she was not sufficiently interested in them to welcome one more than another.

She was perfectly indifferent to the fact that the young Duke of Horton needed but a smile to encourage him, and that he was ready to lay his title and fortune at her feet.

She knew and cared less that Lord Parbury, the great match of the season, was bent upon winning her.

They were all shadows to her, these handsome gallant young noblemen who gathered round.

At present she was far more interested in her dear mother's admirers than her own.

As Lady Avon and her young guest were strolling through the grounds, Angela's eyes were riveted on the face—darkly beautiful, yet with a shadow on it—of a young girl coming towards them.

"Who is that?" she asked, in a quick low voice, of Lady Avon.

"That is Gladys Rane," was the quick reply.

Was it her fancy? She could not tell, but it seemed to Angela that a curious expression passed slowly over Lady Avon's pale face.

It must have been fancy, for when she looked again, the strange expression was gone.

In a few well-chosen words Lady Avon introduced the two who were to cross each other's lives so strangely.

When the dark eyes of Gladys Rane rested on Angela, something flashed in their depths, something that was like hate and despair.

Miss Rooden asked herself if this was fancy also. It must have been fancy, for the next time she looked Gladys Rane was regarding her with smiling eyes and lips.

Angela admired the dark beauty of her face, the lustrous depths of the splendid eyes, the charm of the well-cut mouth, and wondered what was the shadow that lay over the lovely passionate face.

If any one had told her that the attention of all fashionable London was drawn just then to her beloved mother and this beautiful woman, she would not have believed it; but such was the case.

That Captain Wynyard was deeply in love with Gladys Rane, yet unable to marry her because she would have no fortune as his wife, was common talk.

It was equally well known in society that he was going to marry Lady Rooden for her large fortune, that Gladys Rane was still deeply attached to the handsome Captain, and that she resented the transfer of his affections.

All this was commonly discussed and generally known, except to Miss Rooden.

The dark eyes of Gladys Rane were fixed on her face, but Angela met her gaze quite unconsciously.

She had heard no rumors respecting Gladys Rane.

She had no idea that she was her mother's rival, or probably she would not have sought her society.

As it was, she was attracted by the fair face and pleasant manner of the girl.

It was characteristic of Angela that she preferred the society of a beautiful and gifted woman to that of a young and handsome man.

She was therefore only too pleased to remain talking for a time to Miss Rane.

"It must be fancy," she said over and over again to herself; for it seemed to her that the expression of the dark eyes changed continually.

Presently they moved on and came to an opening in the trees, and at a little distance they beheld Lady Rooden leaning back in a garden-seat, and Captain Wynyard standing at her side.

A faint low cry broke from the lips of Gladys Rane; but it was instantly suppressed; and again Angela wondered if her fancy had led her astray, for the dark face for a moment grew pale.

"That is Lady Rooden, your mother, is it not?" asked Gladys Rane suddenly.

"Yes; that is my mother," answered Angela, and her voice was musical with happiness as she said the words.

"Captain Wynyard is a great friend of hers," continued Gladys; and she noted how Angela's face fell.

"He tries to be on friendly terms with us," she said cautiously; whereupon Gladys remarked—

"You do not like him! I can tell by the expression of your face and the tone of your voice."

"He is not the kind of man I like," replied Angela slowly.

In spite of herself, a look of triumph came over the face of Gladys Rane.

Surely, mother and daughter being so devoted to each other, if the daughter disliked him, the mother would marry him!

Her heart glowing with passionate love, she regarded him steadfastly as he stood by the side of Lady Rooden.

Ah, who could see him and not love him? What manner of girl was this who had looked on his handsome face and noble bearing, and not like him?

"Do you know Captain Wynyard well?" inquired Angela, with a strange instinctive consciousness that there was something unusual in her companion's manner.

"Yes; I have known him a long time," was the reply; but Gladys Rane did not mention that they had been attached for many months, and that during the whole of the preceding season they had been inseparable.

Later on in the afternoon Angela found a cool quiet nook where she hoped she would be able to muse alone; it held a small wooden seat, and was hidden by a clump of alder-trees.

She sat down to rest and to enjoy the quiet her shady retreat offered. Not many minutes had passed before she became conscious that she was not alone—that some one was sobbing in deep distress, and some one else administering consolation.

"You know my heart is not in it," a man's voice said—"you know that I hate it; but what can we do? I cannot help myself."

"I cannot bear it!" replied a trembling voice. "She is so beautiful, I am sure that you will love her in time."

"I never shall. I love you, and you only: but in our case love, and marriage cannot go together. Marriage would mean ruin to both of us."

Then Angela, unwilling to be even an accidental listener, rose from her seat and hastened away.

She had no idea who the speakers were; but half an hour later she saw Gladys Rane with Captain Wynyard, and a sudden suspicion darted through her mind that the conversation she had overheard had taken place between them.

It was but a suspicion; yet it was strange how deep a root it took at once in her mind.

She saw them together again, and from the expression on Miss Rane's face she felt sure that, whatever the Captain's sentiment might be, the whole love of the girl's heart was given to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

LATE that evening Lady Rooden and Angela were seated in her ladyship's cozy dressing room, discussing the events of the day.

They had donned their dressing-gowns, and their hair was flowing loosely over their shoulders.

Angela's, in which there was a pretty natural ripple, was brushed out to its full length, and her mother was passing her hand admiringly over the glossy waves.

"You have beautiful hair, Angel," she said caressingly, "I admire its natural ripple very much; no art could imitate it."

"I saw a girl this afternoon with hair just like mine," Angela remarked.

"Did you?" questioned Lady Rooden.

Angela's face brightened suddenly.

"Mamma," she cried, "you often say that I do not see much of what passes around me, but I did take notes this afternoon. The lady whose hair resembles mine is named Gladys Rane. She is a perfect brunette, surpassingly beautiful, and I found out something about her."

"Did you, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden, with a careless smile. "Pray what was it?"

"She loves Captain Wynyard, and he seems to be in love with her," replied Angela promptly. "And I found it out in this way, mamma. When they spoke to each other, their voices had quite a tender ring; and there was a something in both faces that betrayed their love. You see, mamma I am improving in social note-taking. A month ago I should not have found that out."

There was no smile on Lady Rooden's face now; it had grown pale, and a shadow had crept into her blue eyes.

"I do not believe it," she said sharply. "Who is this Gladys Rane?"

"She is the niece and reputed heiress of Lady Kinloch," replied Angela; "and she is a fashionable beauty besides."

"You say that Captain Wynyard loves her," continued Lady Rooden, to whom the carelessly-spoken words had been a terrible shock.

"I am sure that he does. I never thought him handsome until I saw his face soften as he looked at Miss Rane."

A swift flood of jealousy seemed to course through Lady Rooden's heart.

She gasped for breath, her lips trembled, and her face quivered with passionate pain. Could it be possible that Angela was right, and that, after all, Captain Wynyard loved Gladys Rane?

She had believed most earnestly that it was herself whom he loved, and no other. He had not as yet told her so in so many words; but he had acted like a lover. She expected every time she met him that he would ask her to be his wife.

She had never doubted his love for herself and Angela's words now fell upon her with painful suddenness.

"What kind of woman is Gladys Rane?" she asked, after a few minutes' silence.

"Beautiful and proud; but I am inclined to think that a shadow overhangs her. What it is I do not know. We talked together for some little time, and I thought she seemed restless—looking for something, expecting some one who did not come."

"And you thought that she showed signs of preference for Captain Wynyard?"

"I am inexperienced in such matters," answered Angela; "but it certainly seemed so to me;" and she kissed her mother's fair face, which had grown pale so suddenly. "You are tired, mamma," she added. "Let me ring for Newsham. Oh, mamma," she cried suddenly, "I hope it is true! I do hope Captain Wynyard will marry Miss Rane; then he will not come here so often, and I shall have my darling mother all to myself again. I have been jealous of him ever since he kissed your hands. I hope he will marry her, for I am sure he loves her, and she returns his love. Good night, mamma. I will now send Newsham to you."

But Lady Rooden sat long after her daughter had left her, the words she had spoken rankling in her heart. "I hope he will marry her," was the wish she had expressed. "If he does," thought her ladyship, "the remainder of my life will be blighted."

When Doris Newsham, the maid entered the room, she was dismissed almost immediately.

Lady Rooden wanted to be alone, to have time to think. She had been so sure that Captain Wynyard loved her and would ask her to be his wife that not one doubt had assailed her.

It was merely a matter of time, she had believed, and she attributed his not pressing her to the fact that he did not wish to hurry her into an engagement. Could it be possible that he cared for another woman, and had been trifling with her? Yet why should he? She was fair as Gladys Rane, perhaps even more beautiful, and she was wealthy. Why then need she fear the girl?

This fierce hot jealousy which she could not control and could not bear taught her how deeply she loved the handsome Captain.

She had not realized the depth and intensity of her love for him before. She had not looked into her own heart, her whole soul had not been awakened to the knowledge of her great love.

Jealousy had now quickened it into sudden life, and she stood face to face with the fact that she had loved this man with a deeper, greater love than she had ever given to the dead husband who had been so indulgent to her, who had worshipped her with so true a worship.

She had never felt jealous of her husband when he was alive. She had not known what the feeling of jealousy was; she had not understood it when others spoke of it. But, now that the tormenting pain filled her heart, she realized it in all its bitterness.

The spoiled beauty who had been loved and worshipped all her life seemed to live hours in those few minutes, while the very depths of her heart and soul were revealed to her.

She could not hide from herself the truth that she had loved this handsome man who had pursued her with such winning words—loved him better than she had loved Sir Charles, even when he was a handsome and ardent young wooer.

"It is strange," she said to herself, "that this should be the love of my life, and should come to me so late."

But with all the glow and happiness of her love there was an undercurrent of pain and regret that Angela did not like Captain Wynyard better.

The girl's words rang in her ears—"I hope he will marry her"—marry Gladys Rane, her young and fascinating rival! "I shall ask him to-morrow," she decided, "if

it be true about Gladys Rane;" and she owned to herself that, if it were true, life would hold nothing more for her.

Angela felt happier and lighter-hearted than usual when she retired to her room that night.

If Captain Wynyard married Miss Rane, he would of necessity cease to visit them so frequently, and she would never again feel unhappy or jealous because he was always at her mother's side. And the girl found great comfort and consolation in the thought.

When Lady Rooden rose the next morning, she pondered what she should say to Captain Wynyard.

She was determined to know the truth, and, if he loved Miss Rane, she would—— But her thoughts never went beyond that. All happiness in life would end if that were the case.

It was noon when the ex-Captain called; it was an early visit, but he wanted to persuade Lady Rooden to go to a flower-show. He made many apologies for his early call, but he could not help seeing that it was welcome enough to Lady Rooden.

She was looking her best, in an exquisite morning-dress of cream-colored silk and white lace, a knot of cream-colored roses at her throat, and another in the gilt belt that was her sole ornament.

Beautiful, stately, in the very prime of her loveliness, love shining in her blue eyes and softening her whole face and manner her ladyship looked like a woman whom any man might be proud to woo and win.

So Vance Wynyard thought when his eyes rested on her. The pity of it was that he did not love her, that he never would love her, because his whole heart was given to another.

With all her natural charms, in spite of the love that shone in her eyes, it was only for her money that he wished to marry her.

No one would have guessed this who saw his handsome face, so full of admiration, or heard his pleasant words, so full of tenderness. As the two stood together in the drawing-room, with its pale rose blinds and rare flowers, they made a handsome pair.

"I heard some news about you last evening," said Lady Rooden, with a bright smile—a loveless smile she tried to make it, but he was clever enough to see beneath the surface.

"News of me?" he requested. "I should hardly have thought there was any news left to be told: I should think more stories have been told of me than of any other man in London."

"The cost of popularity!" she remarked. "The news I heard surprised me just a little."

"What was it, Lady Rooden?" he asked calmly. He was prepared to hear anything, and was much relieved when she answered—

"I heard last evening for the first time of your great admiration for a beautiful woman named Gladys Rane. Is it true?"

Now was his opportunity—here was the chance he had waited for. He must not lose it.

"It is perfectly true," he replied, "that I both admire and love the most beautiful woman in the world; but the lady I love is not named Gladys Rane."

Lady Rooden's face flushed, and her eyes drooped before his glance. She knew now what was coming; the very desire of her heart was attained.

"The lady I love is far above me. She is lovely beyond compare; she has every gift and every grace. In my eyes she is a queen, and I am her most loyal knight. The name of this most sweet and gracious lady is Laura Rooden."

Her ladyship dropped her face upon her hands; the victory was won.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY ROODEN sat that same evening in her boudoir alone, a brooding tender smile on her face, a love-light shining in her eyes.

She had gained her heart's desire; she was going to marry the man she loved with such deep passionate love.

Yet, in the midst of her present happiness she could not keep her thoughts from reverting to the past, she could not curb the memories that swept over the heart and brain.

"Strange that I should love him so well!" she said to himself. "But my heart went out to him when I first saw him, and it has never been my own since. I knew it was not true that he loved Gladys Rane. As his wife I shall be the happiest woman in the world."

The only drawback to her happiness was the thought of what Angela would say. The woman who only a few weeks since had worshipped the girl and loved her above all and everything had now a vague feeling that her daughter stood between herself and happiness. For the first time she wished that Angela would soon marry, and yet in the same moment her heart reproached her for the wish.

Lady Rooden decided that it would be better to impart her news at once. Captain Wynyard had been very urgent about the marriage, and on her part she saw no reason for delaying it.

He had urged her to let the ceremony take place before the end of the season, the fact being that he was heavily in debt and very short of money.

Her ladyship was much flattered by his importunity, but would not hear of the wedding taking place before August.

She would not be married from the old Abbey, whither she had gone as a girl-bride eighteen years before, but would be married in town.

She knew that in all probability the news of the engagement would be known and discussed on the morrow; she concluded therefore that it would be better to tell Angela herself that evening than let her hear it from strangers. Yet Lady Rooden shrank from the task.

Her heart beat faster and her face paled unwontedly when she sent for her unsuspecting daughter.

"Come and chat with me, Angela," she began. "I do not want the lamps lighted yet; this soft gloaming is the fairest light of all. How sweet the air is! Oh, Angel, I am so happy! I am so happy that words fail me;" and the bright tender smile deepened on her face while she sat silent for a few minutes.

The girl drew a footstool, and sat down at her feet.

"I am so happy, Angel" repeated her ladyship, "that words fail me."

Angela looked up, her face bright with smiles.

"I know why, mamma," she said. "This beautiful night has made you think of the Abbey, and that has brought papa to your mind. I always think of him on these lovely summer nights."

If she had suddenly dashed cold water in her face, her ladyship could not have started more violently.

The words came to her like a staggering blow.

She remained silent. Her task was rendered doubly hard now, and she moved uneasily.

She laid her white gemmed hands on her daughter's hair.

"Your papa's memory is sacred to me always, Angel," said her ladyship; and the girl looked up in wonder, noting the constraint in her mother's voice. "But it was not of him I was thinking just then, but of someone whom I hope you will learn to love as much as you did him."

"That could never be, mamma," returned Angela. "You are jesting; for you know I could never love any one one-hundredth part as much as I loved papa, in life or death."

"I am quite serious, Angel," Lady Rooden assured her daughter; "the whole happiness of my life is at stake now. Listen to me patiently, dear; I have something to say to you."

Yet, in spite of her happiness and her conviction that she was in every way at liberty to please herself, in spite of the certainty she felt that she was doing no harm, her face blanched, her lips grew white and stiff, the words usually so fluent and ready would not come; the hand laid caressingly on the dark rippling hair trembled.

Never had a task before seemed so hard.

"Angel," she went on gently, "I want you to try to love some one whom I already love very much. We have always had the same loves, the same tastes, the same habits; we have been one all our lives, darling; do not let anything divide us now."

"Nothing can, mamma, now or ever," she answered fervently. "You, papa, and I were always one. It is just the same now as though he were living."

And again Lady Rooden felt as though some one had suddenly thrown cold water on her, and for some moments she was silent.

She rallied her courage presently by reminding herself that she was doing no wrong, that she had been a loyal and loving wife to her husband while he lived, and that she had a perfect right to marry again if she chose to do so.

Why, after all, need she fear anything that her daughter could say?

Yet she trembled with emotion as she continued—

"Nothing, I am sure, can ever come between us Angel. We may differ in opinion but we are always one in heart. I want you to please me; I want you to make me happier than I am, by trying to like some one whom I have learned to love."

Still no glimmer of the truth came to the girl, who loved her mother with the single love of a royal heart.

"I always love your friends, mamma," she answered; "they are the same to me as my own."

"But the person of whom I speak is nearer and dearer than a friend. Oh, Angela, it seems hard to tell you; yet I cannot tell why it should be! I am young yet, and I have, I hope, a long life before me. I have the right to please myself in all my actions."

Angela took the white gemmed hands in her own and kissed them with passionate love.

"Why do you say such strange things, mamma?" she cried. "I do not understand."

Lady Rooden's lips grew stiffer and colder as she continued—

"Let me tell you in few words, Angel. I love with all my heart, and I promised to marry Captain Wynyard."

A dead silence seemed to fall over the room, a terrible chill silence that was broken only by a passionate cry from Angel—a cry so full of anguish and despair that Lady Rooden's heart was touched by it.

"It cannot be true," the girl gasped; "it is not true! Oh, mother darling, I would rather die than believe it!"

"It is true, Angel, and it makes me happier than words can tell."

With a cry even more despairing than the first, the girl slipped from her mother's arms and fell to the ground.

Deep passionate sobs shook the slender figure; it was a very tempest of grief that seized the girl and rendered her helpless for the moment.

At last Lady Rooden said sadly—

"Oh, Angel, do not weep so bitterly; you will break my heart!"

But the storm of weeping did not abate.

"You know, my dear," continued her ladyship, "that I am still young—hardly more than thirty-five—and everyone says that I look quite ten years younger—that I have the prospect of a long life before me; and, if I find some one who loves me, and who will make the remainder of my life happier than it is, why should I not marry again, if I choose?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHINESE LAUNDRY.—Many people believe that the average Chinaman of New York comes over from the Flowery Kingdom an adept laundryman. Nothing is more opposed to the truth. In China there are no cuffs, collars, or shirt-bosoms whatever. Ironing is an unknown art. Bleaching is effected by leaving the cotton, linen, or silk in the sun-shine. A flat-iron, therefore, is in China a very rare thing. As washing is a purely physical labor, involving no intelligence whatever, the social status of a laundryman in the Kingdom is the lowest possible. His pay there averages about ten cents a day. In the United States this condition of affairs is reversed; laundry work is a fine art, and the pay seldom falls below fifteen dollars a week. The origin of the Chinese laundry in America is quite odd. When gold was discovered in California, the news spread all over the world, and in due time reached China. As told by gossips and as published in the newspapers and magazines of that land, there was far across the ocean a country in which the mountains were solid gold, and in which the poorest laborer could easily earn twenty taels (twenty-eight dollars) a day. This news to a populace whose daily toil brought in from eight to thirty cents a day, was a revelation. All who could beg or borrow the necessary cash set sail for the Golden Gate. Upon this came the contracts from the railroad builders of the West. They could not obtain American laborers for less than five dollars a day; but they could bring over unlimited numbers of Chinese for almost any price.

Mongolians have been imported from Hong Kong and Canton time and again for twelve dollars a month and board. This movement culminated in the building of the Union and Central Pacific Railways. These employed 10,000 Chinamen. For several years mining and railroad construction gave employment to the multitude of Mongols who flocked to these shores. They all did well, and their letters to their homes, and more especially their continual remittances, served to increase the desire to emigrate to the United States. Then came a sudden change. Mines and mining became unpopular, and to a certain extent unprofitable. Railroad construction dropped off seventy-five per cent. As a result, tens of thousands of Chinese were thrown out of employment. In a strange land, confronted by a language and customs whose genius was diametrically opposed to their own, they were without warning thrown on their own resources. Many adapted themselves to their new surroundings, became cooks, nurses, domestics, street-sweepers, and expressmen. The majority, however, became laundrymen. Wah Lung, of San Francisco noticed, in 1852, that all Americans who had money wore white starched linen, and paid enormous prices to washerwomen for washing and ironing. He opened up a laundry in consequence, and, by charging lower rates than his competitors, succeeded in building up a large and remunerative business. His friends and relatives soon followed his example and enjoyed similar success.

ONE WAY TO GET MARRIED.—Breton girls, in France, who want to get married go to Sene, near Vannes, and stick pins in the foot of the wooden statue of a saint called St. Uforier, who marries his devotees within the year. The pin must be well pushed, for, if it falls out, the wedding will fall through; and it must be a strong straight pin, for, if it bends, the future husband may be a hunchback or a cripple.

This is on the Atlantic coast. On the Channel, at Ploumanac'h, on a rock accessible at low tide, there is a little shrine supported by four Roman columns, and dedicated to St. Quiroc, who landed there from England in the sixth century. His wooden image is stuck full of pins.

So is a statue of St. Lawrence near Quintin. Here the pin must stick at the first push, for each failure postpones the marriage for a year.

The same practice has been traced farther inland, at Laval, in the ancient province of Maine, where the bare legs and arms of a colossal wooden statue of St. Christopher are covered with pin-holes and pins; and both young men and maidens join in the rite.

There is an old tale told of an idiot who broke the statue of St. Mirli on the eve of his feast. In order to conceal his crime, his mother made him take the saint's place. Now upon the occasion of his feast there was a great resort of pious pilgrims who stuck pins in St. Mirli's knee for all sorts of wants.

The first few pins of the day happened to be those of children, and did not much hurt the saint's substitute; a young girl followed and drew blood; a stout old countrywoman then drove a corking pin so far into the poor idiot's leg that he jumped howling over the prostrate bodies.

Pins can be made to enter wood; but the old worm-eaten decaying statues of the past are often replaced by stone figures, which are rebellious to pins. In that case the pins are still brought by the petitioners, but they are merely placed round the base of the effigy.

Scientific and Useful.

THE GUMS.—Says a correspondent: About ten years ago I found that my gums commenced to recede, which I arrested by the use of common table salt, applied to the gums by the ball of the finger. Since commencing to use salt I have heard from many that it is one of the best things for that purpose.

WATERPROOF VARNISH.—Let four ounces of India-rubber in small pieces soften in eight ounces of turpentine, then add two pounds of boiled oil, and boil for two hours over a slow fire. When dissolved, add six pounds of boiled linseed-oil and one pound of litharge, and boil until an even liquid is obtained. Apply warm.

WINDOWS.—A simple device for admitting a small amount of fresh air through a window without danger of draught is coming into general use. It consists in allowing an extra depth of bead to the sill of a window, so that the lower sash can be raised for an inch or two without causing an opening at the bottom, the air finding entrance only between the meeting rails.

TEA.—Recent experiments have shown that, after tea has been steeped in boiling water for three minutes, over five-sixths of the valuable constituents of the leaf leaf are extracted, while at the end of ten minutes the leaves are almost entirely exhausted. It is better therefore not to allow tea to 'draw' for a long while, as there is no gain in strength and the flavoring principles are volatilized and lost. Hard waters dissolve less tannin from the leaves than soft waters, and are always to be prefered on this account.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—In Belgium at the drawing by lot of conscripts for the army, it is the custom for those who have to take part in it and who live at a distance, to bring pigeons with them to carry home the good or bad news on a paper tied to their claw. This year an ingenious innovation was introduced. A man stationed himself with a table opposite the bureau, with an ink pad and a series of figures with which he printed the numbers as they came out on the respective birds, which flew off without the encumbrance of a paper and got home all the sooner.

HOUSE-VENTILATION.—In all efficient schemes of house-ventilation the egress of the impure air is most essential. In ordinary houses no provision is made for this, for, when the windows are closed, there is usually no outlet above the level of the fire-place-opening. This is often so low down in bed-rooms that a person lying in bed is above it. An outlet, to be of real service, should be placed at the highest part of the room—in the ceiling, if possible. If placed at any lower point, there will exist a stratum of foul air down to that level, so long as the atmosphere remains heated.

Farm and Garden.

CHARRED WOOD.—There is actual proof that wood can be charred by steam pipes and by the slow but long-continued action of moderately heated steam. Charcoal thus formed is said to be liable to absorb oxygen plentifully and break out suddenly into spontaneous combustion.

PLOWS AND TOOLS.—The following mixtures are recommended as excellent for coating plows and tools in order to keep them from rusting. Dissolve an ounce of resin in four ounces of linseed-oil, and add one quart of kerosine, stirring the mixture well. Apply in a warm condition. Another method is to dissolve an ounce of camphor in turpentine, and add four ounces of lard and one ounce of pulverized black lead or stove polish; mix well, and rub on with a rag.

RHUBARB.—Rhubarb is so easily forced in the winter, even as a "house plant," that we wonder it is not oftener done. The large root stored full of nourishment, is what the growth must depend upon mostly; if in addition, there be warmth, moisture and a little light, the conditions needful to raise a crop of fresh pie-making material in the winter are all at hand. After several hard frosts is the time to start in on the work, by lifting the roots and storing them away from hard frosts, so they can be got at.

TURKEYS.—Turkey fattening should soon progress rapidly for early sales. In mild, early autumn weather, these birds lay on fat rapidly with good feeding. At first they need to be fed only at night; they should go to their roosts every night with full crops. This will not prevent their morning excursions. Turkeys prefer corn to any other food; it should be ground, mixed with water and fed warm. The addition of mashing boiled potatoes, will help their relish for it. As insects drop off, flesh and scraps should be increased. For the last six weeks of his life he should be plied with corn.

LIFTING PLANTS.—Above all else retain every root possible. A firm ball of earth about the roots is desirable, but generally less so than is supposed; it may fall to pieces before it is reduced to fit the pot. Cut back the leading branches of rank growers, like Geraniums and Coleus, about one-third, but do not prune winter flowering plants that have been pruned throughout the season. Lift all kinds before sharp frosts appear. Pot firmly, using good soil to fill up the spaces; draining with pot sherds in the bottom of the pots. Keep the plants well watered, closely shaded and out of the wind for a week, at the same time sprinkling the foliage lightly twice a day. Insure them to the confined air of the windows or plant house gradually.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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"Every Dog Has His Day."

Critically regarded, this proverb may be said to teach two lessons—almost to have two meanings. The one is cheering, and belongs to the family of consolatory proverbs, such as "Hope on, hope ever," "There's a silver lining to every cloud;" in this case the dog typifies ourselves. The other meaning may be described as a warning—a sort of serious version of "A worm will turn." In this application of the proverb the dog is somebody else, generally contemptible and mean, but whose revenge, if ever he gets the power, we are advised to guard against.

It is rather strange that such a dog-loving race as we are has few, if any, sayings in which the dog is put in a favorable light. The comparisons, indeed, that are made to to him are positively Eastern in their contempt and antipathy. We never think of praising a man's good qualities by styling him affectionately, "faithful dog;" occasionally, it is true, we may call him a clever dog, but there is somehow a certain subacid in the compliment which rather qualifies our eulogy. But when we want to employ terms of contumely, a perfect crowd of canine metaphors presses forward for service. Our aversion is a mean hound, a lazy dog, a selfish, dirty or sly dog; the extreme of temporal wretchedness is described as having gone to the dogs; the treacherous spy dogs our steps; our pet antipathy is a dogged obstinacy. And the next moment, without any sense of inconsistency, we are lauding the virtues of our favorite animal—his unselfish loyalty, his gentleness, his courage. Novelists rhapsodize over him; painters make him the subject of a perfect apotheosis.

The example comes terribly home to most of us. Our own familiar friend, to whom—sure of his loyalty and sympathy as we are sure of the loyalty and sympathy of the faithful dog at our feet—we have told our woes and secret troubles; whom—like the same dog—we have cherished and protected, who owes his happiness to us—he is the one whose day, simultaneous, very likely, with our fall, is fatal to us.

Aforetime he would sympathize with our troubles, find excuse for our backslidings and faults, convince us that, like true love in the beautiful poem, he would "wear through shine and shower." Now, his shine and our shower come together; and how stern is his strict morality, how faultless the pitiless logic with which he proves that we—Heaven help us!—have learnt long since that "it is all our own doing." How great the difference between him who now "is doing well unto himself" and us who are fallen on evil times. The dog has his day, and woe is us.

But it is the other view of the proverb—the hopeful one—that, as is natural, is the pleasanter to dwell on. Some of us, it is to be feared, can realize somewhat too painfully the force of the expression, "a dog's life." Metaphorical kicks and buffets, scraps, sordid quarters, weary, thankless tasks, the whole unlightened by any vision of change, the phrase carries its meaning to us, and a bitter one it is. Very likely it was all so different once; if so, the kicks and buffets seem harder, the want and misery yet more dreadful.

Yes, it is certainly comforting to reflect that the wisdom of the many declares that even such as we shall have our day. Doubtless it helps us in the waiting for it; may, perhaps, in some mystic manner, hasten its advent; and when the day comes we shall have ascended in the canine merit-meter to the grade of a "lucky dog." We shall be surprised at the quantity and quality of the virtues and charms and graces which have been hitherto latent in us, but which our friends and acquaintances—themselves strangely resuscitated out of a state of very suspended animation—will forthwith discover in us. We shall ourselves be conscious of no particular change save in circumstances; but it is evident there has been a complete metamorphosis. We used in our dark days to be abused roundly for our surliness, our haughtiness, our absurd reticence, our reckless extravagance. Either these were all misnomers, or they have become transformed, in the opinions of our numerous new friends, into a winning bluntness, proper pride, dignified reserve, open-handed generosity.

We have our day; we have mounted from "grief and groan to a golden throne," and find ourselves looking back, with mixed feelings of wonder, thankfulness, and a sort of philosophical amusement, to those other days when things were so different, and, if we are to credit what we hear, when we were so very different ourselves.

From no mere motive of philanthropy or charity, but from the genuine pleasure and—be it said whisperingly—the kindly amusement it will give us, we shall try to antedate the days of some of those other poor dogs whom we knew in our own hard times. We can assure them—and help to demonstrate—that all those woes will serve for sweet discourses in their time to come, and we can point to ourselves as a surety—and if we are wise we shall make it a pledge that "Every dog has his day."

One Aim—Duty.

Solomon's experience has, no doubt, at one time or another, been the experience of many of us—indeed of all. The virtue of patience is truly inculcated in "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The grievous effect of words or impulsive anger that stir up strife are also included in the king's aphorism. We can all recognize the truth of the proverb, and it is rather curious, but nevertheless highly instructive, to remark how Solomon, in "all his glory"—when perhaps we, in like circumstances, would have thought of little but the splendor and magnificence of our surroundings—found occasion to lay down maxims which could scarcely have arisen at the time from personal experience. What need had the great ruler to speak softly, and turn away wrath, when his slightest word was sufficient to doom an aggressor?

How few, comparatively speaking, ever do remember the beauty of self-control—for that is really what this proverb means. You are provoked—we admit it. You have been hardly judged, or perhaps falsely accused. Your accuser addresses you with hard words—in angry tones, it may be. There is no room for doubt. You are tempted to reply. The blood is hotly coursing through your veins. You feel the injustice of the accusation. You know you are misjudged under a misapprehension. The Tempter whispers, "Reply in kind." Give the man a Roland for his Oliver. Let anger meet anger, and "have it out!"

But the wisest of men says "No." Turn the other cheek to the smiter. Be patient. Let your mild answer deprecate the wrath of the accuser—the false accuser, presumably, for we opine that the fault found with justice, the angry words which may have been caused by our own faults, must, of necessity, be borne patiently.

The same idea is embodied in the saying, "If ye be buffeted for your faults, and ye take it patiently, what thanks have ye? but if ye, suffering wrong, take it patiently, then are ye acceptable toward God." This is true wisdom; this is the way in which to command respect. Slow to wrath, slow to speak!

Many readers perhaps think this patience may be carried too far; that the turning of the other cheek is a decided mistake; and that men will get on a great deal better in the world if they will not put up with any nonsense, and will be ready to hold their own whether they be right or wrong. Is not this a fact? The pushing, assertive man is the man to succeed. Your quiet, unassuming characters make no stir!

Recollect there is no craven spirit in such an answer as will turn away wrath, but there is much virtue. The brave man, confident in his rectitude and uprightness, will pause ere he stir up strife, and he will make allowances. Here is true tact, and what is infinitely more valuable—the Christian spirit of forgiveness. Of course it is hard; we know that. But think of what may occur—weigh the consequences of your kindness or unkindness.

You, in the first place, elevate yourself in the opinion of all sensible men, and retain, if you do not add to, your self-respect. In the second place, you make an enemy for no reason, and while (rightly) saying he was wrong, you put yourself in the same wrong position by being angry, when you know you had really no cause to be so. So you condemn yourself by condemning him!

He acted under a wrong impression—for we will not assume that anyone would, with malice aforethought, endeavor to fix a scandal on you—you, instead of putting him in the right way, give him cause to suspect. Why should you be so greatly annoyed if your conscience does not condemn you? You can well afford to let his remarks pass after a quiet effort to make things appear in the proper light.

Thus shall we gain in self-respect and in Christian progress by such self-denial and control of our anger, but in the estimation of our fellow-men. The whole tone of society is against brawling. There is no want of pluck—indeed, the greater courage is required to restrain oneself under unfounded accusation. The quiet firmness, the soft—not the craven—answer, turneth away wrath.

We retain our position, and perhaps win a friend. So you see, even in the lower platform of self-interest, it will be the better course. But not for this do we recommend it. A higher aim should be ours—the performance of a Christian duty. That should be our one aim—duty!

In life sincerity is the true touchstone of character. The good and valuable man is he who strives to realize day by day his own sincere conceptions of true manhood. Thousands are struggling to exhibit what some one else desires, to reach the popular standard, to be, or appear to be, respectable or honorable; but few make it their aim to live thoroughly up to their own individual convictions of what is right and good. Carlyle well says: "At all turns a man who will do faithfully, needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage, and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant, and the work committed to him will be misdone."

To be wise in time is worth double the wisdom that comes too late, time being the essence of most wisdom. We should learn by forethought rather than reflection.

The World's Happenings.

Divorces are becoming common in Scotland.

Texas boasts of a cattle ranch of 3,000,000 acres.

The policemen in Pensacola, Fla., sport umbrellas while on duty.

There have been nine wars in Europe within the last thirty years.

Nearly 14,000 police officers now protect London, including sergeants.

An eminent oculist says that the common electric light produces color blindness.

The state of the weather has caused the postponement of a Wisconsin pic-nic five times.

Cheese rinds are disposed of by making them into cement for mending glass and porcelain.

Tall oaks, from little acorns dropped in the westward march, now grow in myriads on the prairies.

The Second Adventists have fixed Tuesday, October 13 next, as the day for the world to come to an end.

A man 68, and a woman five years his junior, eloped from Birmingham, Ala., recently, and got married.

A five-legged sheep was among a lot of cattle received at the West Albany, N. Y., Stock Yards the other day.

Among the assets of an estate just settled at Auburn, N. Y., was $20,000 worth of street railway stock, which brought just 10 cents.

Near Canon City, Oregon, the other day, lightning melted an umbrella carried by a gentleman without injuring the latter in the least.

There are still public lands open to settlement in nineteen States and eight Territories. The prices vary from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre.

London has a regularly incorporated association the object of which is to secure adequate legislation for the protection of butterflies.

A check on a Savannah, Ga., bank for $75 was found a week or so ago by a little girl of that city, who innocently made a doll's dress of it.

The Anthropological Congress, which is soon to be held at Rome, will have a feature in a collection of 700 skulls of criminals, numbered and classified.

The newest thing in musical instruments is a "duplex strung violin," by which, it is claimed, a tone is produced equal to two ordinary instruments.

The colored debating society of Somerville, Ga., has been discussing the question: Which are the Most Useful to Society—Lawyers or Buzzards?

The latest fashion for brooches shows rows of tiny birds and chickens studded with small diamonds; or foxhounds running and tiny birds on the wing.

One family in Barlow, Ga., numbers 30 persons—mother and father, the latter 52 years old, and 28 children. In all there were 29 children, but 1 have died.

At Conyers, Ga., a day or two ago, there was committed to an insane hospital a "prominent citizen," who is asserted to have been "driven crazy by the ceremony of baptism."

A Welsh church at Llangollen is dedicated to St. Collen ap Gyhnawg ap Clydawg ap Cawdra ap Caradog Freichfras ap Llyr Merlin ap Elnion Yrth ap Cunedda Wledig.

A thief entered an Atlanta, Ga., dwelling a week or so ago, and quietly took possession of the clothing of the late occupant, whose body was being borne to the cemetery for burial.

An opportunity to have their photographs taken for fifty cents a dozen was lately afforded Waterbury, Conn., people, a war among the knights of the camera having caused the fall in prices.

A majority at a State Senatorial Convention in Iowa stuck to its candidate through 1,340 ballots, and, having succeeded in nominating him, was pleased to have the honor "firmly declined."

Only one person of the name of Schulze is in the directory of Little Rudolstadt, a German town of 10,000 inhabitants, and German papers think it worth while to point it out as a curious fact.

At St. Paul, Minn., they are trying the experiment of tolerating the gamblers, on the theory that secrecy and spasmodic suppression only aggravate the evil and turn the police into blackmailers.

Platinum wire can be drawn so fine that it is no longer visible to the naked eye, and can only be felt. It can be seen with a magnifying glass when the wire is held against white paper. It is used in telescopes and similar instruments.

The residents of one Virginia village, sorely infested by tramps that defy shot-guns, dogs and traps, threaten to take to the heroic method of putting nitro-glycerine cartridges into mines in their orchards.

A live toad and a petrified snake were found together in a vein of blue limestone at West Union, W. Va., the other day. The snake was hanging by the toad's leg, and appearances indicated that it was trying to swallow the toad when they were buried.

It cost Muskogee county, Ga., twenty-seven dollars, lately, for jurors' pay, etc., to convict a man of the theft of a ten-cent plug of tobacco, and, what is stranger still, the theft was committed while the plaintiff and prosecutor were serving out a sentence in jail.

Gambling had attained to such extensive proportions at Jackson, Mich., that the police at last felt compelled to promptly deal with it: so they raided the hells, and captured the Mayor, the City Attorney, and a number of public officials and wealthy citizens in them.

A farmer in Little Compton, R. I., who makes a specialty of keeping fowls, and has about seventeen thousand, says that each clears for him on an average about one dollar a year. On this great farm the natural way of hatching chickens is not practiced at all.

IN OTHER DAYS.

BY THEO. GIFT.

Sing me the songs we used to sing
In the happy days of old,
When the hawthorn-boughs were white with Spring
And the meadows full of gold.
Sing me the songs we sang of yore
Round the ruddy Winter blaze;
Oh, darling, I fain would hear once more
The songs of those happy days!

Sing me the songs we used to sing
With the children at our knees,
For my very heart-strings seem to cling
Round those old sweet melodies.
Sing to me—I can sing no more,
Though I were ever so fain,
For my singing days are long since o'er
And never will come again.

Yet, ah, sing not—it would be so sad
To hear one voice alone,
When so many made the whole air glad;
In the bright days that are gone,
And my yearning heart would wake in pain
From its hard-won calm and peace!
Since the old days never can come again,
Let the old songs also cease!

A Suicide's Secret.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

ABOUT nine o'clock one evening, Frederic Gaultram loitered into the Opera House, as was his habit, and passed a couple of hours, as usual, in listening to the music (it was "Lucrezia Borgia" that night) and chatting with his friends, male and female.

He was in his accustomed mood—that is gay, and witty and entertaining.

He was as elegantly dressed, as handsome (eminently handsome was he), in as excellent health and spirits as ever.

In short, there was nothing about him, either of manner or appearance, that was not always about him. He was his constant self.

Frederick Gaultram at that time occupied the enviable position of a wealthy, cultivated, agreeable, remarkably noble-looking gentleman—a bachelor of eight-and-twenty.

That he was unmarried was no fault of the many charming maidens of the social circle in which he moved.

He was courted, admired, envied.

An only son—his father deceased some ten years before, leaving a noble fortune; idolized by his mother, loved and respected by all who knew him, he had returned some three years previous from a lengthy sojourn in France, to become almost immediately a leader in the intellectual and fashionable world of London.

But Gaultram was no fop, no shallow dandy, dawdling along on the glittering surface of fashion.

He was a thorough gentleman, and gave to externals just their fitting care, and no more.

Beyond these he was a thinker, an artist, and a student; a man of strong passions, held in subjection to a yet stronger will; in morals almost a Cato, but in religion a sceptic, through his opinions upon this grave subject were never the theme of his confidences to his friends.

He was indeed, in all matters connected with his personal sentiments and experiences the reverse of expansive.

Not one of his intimates of either sex could ever boast of having been the repository of Frederic Gaultram's unreserved confidence.

On the night of which we speak he went home in his usual spirits.

Next morning Baptiste, his servant, at his usual hour, tapped at his master's door, and hearing nothing in reply from within, retired to await the sound of the bell.

An hour passed without bringing the expected call.

At half-past eleven, the bell being still motionless, Baptiste became rather impatient, and without exactly fearing any misfortune or accident to Mr. Gaultram, still felt uneasy and determined to knock once more at his chamber door.

He was surely oversleeping himself, and would be glad to be roused, having quite probably some engagement that he would be sorry to break.

Baptiste, therefore, went to the door of Gaultram's bedroom again and knocked, first softly, then more loudly, and at length—decidedly vexed and somewhat alarmed—he beat a clamorous tattoo on the panel, sharp enough to have waked the "seven sleepers."

No reply. Now thoroughly alarmed at this strange silence, he called several times in a strong quick voice, "Monsieur Frederic! It is I! Answer me, M. Frederic!"

But the echo of his own words was the only answer.

Unable to endure this fearful suspense, he finally applied his broad shoulders to the frail portal, and, with a vigorous effort, forced the lock from its catch, and strode or rather stumbled, into the chamber.

It was the chamber of Death!

Extended on a sofa opposite the door lay the lifeless body of Frederic Gaultram, pale and rigid, his right hand still grasping a small silver cup, while upon the table near him lay his writing-desk, open, with a sheet of paper outspread, and bearing (traced in a firm hand and large characters) these words:—

"Fiat Justitia! The day mates the deed! Let him who remembers be silent!

"FREDERIC.

"May 11th, 18—."

All save the first two words were in French.

The old man read them rapidly, then murmuring, "My God! my God!" he fell upon his knees and bowed his head as if in prayer.

When he arose his face was ghastly, and the trace of tears shone on his rugged cheek.

But ere he left the room to carry the dreadful tidings to the unwitting household he closed the writing-desk, replaced it in its usual position, and, approaching the chimney, where a coal fire still smouldered, thrust the sheet of paper bearing the strange words of the dead man among the yet glowing embers, and waited till it was wholly consumed.

This story deals not with the mother's anguish; it deals not with the general horror; it deals not with the vain attempts to solve the fearful mystery of the deed.

For the time, he that remembered was silent and the grave closed upon an unfathomed secret, apparently for ever.

But this tale hath the key of the mystery, and thus openeth its funereal doors to the reader.

* * * * *

In the autumn of 18—, three years previous to this tale's opening date, a young man, travelling for pleasure and improvement, arrived at a small village on the southern frontier of France, out of the track of ordinary travel, and sought the only inn of the place, a very humble, though neat and hospitable one, kept by an old soldier who had served under the Great Napoleon, and had retired to this his native place, with his only child (he was a widower), to pass the remainder of his days in peace "under his own vine and fig-tree."

Baptiste Marceau was a capital landlord, though rather a saturnine looking man; and Theresa, his daughter, a really beautiful and amiable maiden, whose mind and manners would have done no discredit to a much loftier station.

The young traveller was cordially welcomed, and the country being picturesque, and his host and especially the hostess unusually attractive, he resolved to make a sojourn of some weeks among them.

A few days were sufficient to excite a mutual regard between Marceau and Monsieur Frederic, as the traveller was called, in which Theresa shared at least equally.

In fact, the stranger was handsome, gallant and romantic; the maiden innocent, beautiful, and solitary (or at least all unused to such elegant cavaliers as M. Frederic), and the inevitable consequence ensued.

Interest deepened into passion; and Monsieur Frederic, flinging pride and prudence equally to the winds, gave himself up wholly to this fresh and fascinating love episode with all the ardor of his nature.

Weeks passed, and became months, and still he lingered beneath the rustic roof of Baptiste Marceau, an enthusiastic listener to the veteran's stories, a devoted lover of the fair Theresa—in all honor be it said—and with a wild but fixed purpose of making her his bride.

Instinctively, however, the lovers had concealed their passion from the father—Frederic because he was, so far, content with present happiness, and thought it time enough when Theresa should desire it; and Theresa because she knew the stern, fierce nature that underlaid her father's *bonhomie* and, while she loved, she feared him; for if his affection was deep, his sense of honor was keen and peculiar, and his anger was a terrible thing to brave.

The old soldier, meanwhile, charmed with his young guest, and looking on his daughter as a child, saw nothing serious in their companionship.

Peace and happiness therefore reigned among them, and the days flew by on golden wings.

It was the calm before the storm.

And what a storm!

Autumn had lapsed into winter, but winter was genial among the vineyards and valleys of that sunny South.

There was a young man in the village, the son of a small farmer in the environs, who, had long been smitten with Theresa, but to whose advances she had been obstinately, even somewhat contemptuously (since M. Frederic's arrival), deaf and blind.

Jealousy accordingly, seized upon the soul of Jacques Duloc, and his soul being a mean and viperine one, this jealousy took a similar character.

He became a spy upon the lovers, and finally determined to become an informer.

On the 11th of May Marceau received the following letter:—

"Why does the Englishman still linger with you? Do you think, forsooth, your tales of the Emperor chain him? Everybody except yourself sees that Mam'selle Theresa is the charm. He is rich, and you are poor.

Beware! If you would have your eyes opened before it is too late (if indeed it be not so already), watch your guest's chamber to-night!"

There was no signature. Baptiste Marceau was a man of quick and vehement passions, tempered scantly by the wary caution of an old soldier.

He read this letter and trembled; for many little circumstances crossed his now agitated mind, hitherto unconsidered, that tended to confirm the dark suspicion cast upon the stranger and his daughter.

His plan was soon formed. Instead of waiting for the night to follow the treacherous suggestion of the letter, he sought his daughter's chamber, and called Theresa to him.

Frederic had been out hunting since early morning, and had not returned.

Theresa appeared before her father, all unconscious of his terrible storm about to burst upon her.

The scene that followed was agonizing. Baptiste reproached his daughter bitterly with her dishonor, and cursed her.

Her sobbing denials made little impression on his now thoroughly and fiercely-aroused passion.

He could not believe in a pure attachment between a wealthy pleasure-seeking young stranger like M. Frederic, and the daughter of a poor innkeeper in an obscure French hamlet.

He denounced vengeance, instant and summary, on him who had (as he persisted in asserting) dishonored him.

And he left Theresa half swooning with terror, to prepare himself for the reception of his guest, whom he was resolved to provoke to combat, and to slay without mercy.

The unhappy maiden slowly recovered her stunned senses, and her first thought was for her lover.

The evening was far advanced, and he had not returned. Her father had shut himself up in his chamber.

Frederic must not return to the inn that night.

Come what might, he must be warned. With time, her father's passion would be cool and he would listen to reason and truth but now nothing but misery, and perhaps crime would result from a meeting between those two.

Hastily flinging on her cloak. Theresa stealthily left the house, and sped swiftly through the gathering darkness on the path she knew her lover generally followed homeward from the chase.

Dense black clouds were glooming up from the west, and the wind was rising every moment with the portent of storm, as the brave girl hurried along the precipitous path that led through the hills and the bridge over the mountain torrent, across which Frederic must pass to reach the village.

Ere she had traversed half the distance the storm burst upon her in all its fury; but wrapping her cloak tightly around her, she still sped on.

Meanwhile, Baptiste waited in his chamber, grimly cleaning and loading his pistols, and nursing his deadly wrath.

But the hours went by, and Frederic returned not.

The storm came and raged over the village, and Marceau feared, with a ghastly fear, lest the fury of the elements should rob him of his revenge.

So the night passed, and daybreak found the old soldier haggard with his terrible suspense, and still helpless.

Just as the sun rose palely over the eastern hills, he was aroused by the murmur of voices and tramp of approaching feet.

In another moment there was a knock at the outer door.

"They are bringing me his body!" muttered the veteran, savagely, as he rose to open it.

He flung wide the heavy panel, and behold four men—smugglers of the neighboring frontier—bearing a dripping, lifeless form among them.

One step he advanced, and with a grim smile upon his dark features, and then recoiled with a hoarse cry, as though he had been struck a sudden, bitter blow. And he had, indeed, been struck such a blow!

For the lifeless, dripping form was that of Theresa, his only child, whom he had yesterday causelessly cursed!

They had found her in an eddy of the mountain stream! Speeding to save her lover, the storm and the darkness had misled her! He, perchance, was saved: but she, alas! was lost for ever!

At noon, that day, Frederic re-entered the village. He had taken shelter from the storm at a cabin among the mountains, and had remained through the night.

Long ere he reached the door of Baptiste Marceau, he knew all—or, at least, all that was known by Jacques Duloc, who, instinctively feeling his secured letter, to be in some way connected with the awful tragedy was horror-stricken with remorse, and seizing upon Frederic on his way, confessed all to him with abject contrition.

Frederic flung him, as he would an adder from his path, and strode on, in a shock of grief too terrible for tears.

Who shall paint the meeting between those two men—the childless father, and the lover reft of his love?

The fire of his revenge had been quenched out of Baptiste Marceau's heart, and only the ashes remained.

But amid those ashes was still a dull spark, doomed to burn in slow self-torture into all his future being.

"You have assassinated my wife before heaven!" cried Frederic, in bitterest agony.

"And you," retorted the father,—"have you not slain my only child, my innocent Theresa?".

For then he knew that she was innocent.

"Alas! alas! we are both guilty," murmured Frederic.

And the father echoed, "Both! both!"

"I swear to you" said Frederic, solemnly, "that she was my wife in the sight of Heaven, and that I will never wed another!"

"It is well," replied Baptiste. "I am now alone, and the sight of this spot is hateful to me. You are my son, but I will be your servant. There is a fatal link between us—the clasp of a dead love. Let us go forth together!"

"Let us go together!" repeated the young man; "and you shall bear witness to her hereafter that I kept my oath."

Thus Frederic Gaultram and Baptiste Marceau became father and son, master and servant, covenant-taker and witness, and walked the world henceforth together, with a terrible secret between them, until Gaultram's oath became a burden to him, and from a burden grew to be a nightmare, which the daily sight of Baptiste, and the nightly vision of dead Theresa, fostered to the verge of a mania.

And so after three years of struggle, finding that the mask of the world would not fit him, and that the plague spot burned deeper into his morbidly looked heart, there grew a deadly fear of insanity upon him, and afraid to face the shadow, he fled to the inscrutable hereafter!

This was the Suicide's Secret.

For thus, upon the bed of death, years after, was the tale whispered feebly by Baptiste Marceau.

Better Than Beauty.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

ON a sunny morning of late spring two young men were seated at breakfast in a delightful room looking out upon a green lawn and some well kept flower-beds.

The room was evidently a bachelor's sanctum, as there was pipes and tobacco-jars on one of the tables; but there was also evidences of a refined, æsthetic taste in the few fine pictures and statuettes that adorned it.

And, indeed, Philip Brabazon was as fastidious as he was luxurious, and having an ample fortune, was able to gratify his lightest caprice.

Fortunately most of his caprices were artistic, and therefore did him no harm, while they benefitted others often; and the world agreed that, considering how much mischief an idle young man might get into if he chose, it was very nice of him to take to collecting curiosities and pictures instead.

But there was one thing the world did disapprove of violently, and that was his backwardness in taking to himself a wife. When a man had a fine home and good settlements to offer, it was his duty to marry; and as there were so many charming girls to choose from, the delay seemed unpardonable.

Indeed, matrimony had been the subject of conversation between the two friends this morning, for it struck Captain Lyon to say, as he pushed up his cup for a second edition of the delicious Mocha, which was perfect as all the appointments of the table itself:

"I wonder you don't marry, Philip?"

"So do I, sometimes," answered his host, smiling. "It must be pure contradictoriness that prevents me, for I have no objection to matrimony.

"And I expect, if you had been a poor man like I am—nothing but barrack accomodation to offer your bride—you would yearn after every pretty girl you saw."

"I don't think so, for the real secret of my celibacy is this—I am so confounded particular. In the first place, the woman I marry must be perfect in face and figure. Nothing could ever make me care for an ugly woman."

"But there is something between a perfect beauty and an ugly woman, you know."

"Nothing I should care for. What is the use of a pair of handsome eyes if they are counteracted by a crooked nose and a broad mouth?"

"But heaps of women are pretty and charming who have not regular features or a Grecian profile. I think, myself, you'd tire very quickly of that still, statuesque sort of loveliness, which wants animation and expression."

"One never tires of perfection," replied Philip Brabazon, rather sententiously. "Look at that Psyche there," pointing to a bracket near; "it has only one expression, and yet I am never weary of gazing on it."

"It is very beautiful of course; but I think if it were flesh and blood, and always looked at you with that blank, sweet stare, you would feel very much inclined to shake it at last."

Philip laughed.

"I don't think I should. I abominate what is called a vivacious woman, who always keeps your attention on the qui vive, and who has an answer ready for you before you have done speaking. I prefer the prose of manner which marks the cast of Vere de Vere."

"And I go altogether with Byron when he says, 'What we want is animation.' I could forgive a crooked nose or a broad mouth sooner than I could forgive slowness of comprehension or want of sympathy; for after all there is something better than mere beauty."

"I don't agree with you. The whole duty of woman to my mind is to be beautiful."

"And what about the refinement?"

"The two seem to me inseparable."

"You are quite wrong, Philip. A woman is not at all obliged to have a fine face. I wonder you don't make up to Lady Gwendolyn Fane."

"Yes, I wonder I don't, too," he answered with a reflective air. "She is very beautiful, has a refined look, and is naturally taciturn——"

"Not to say stupid," put in Captain Lyon, who had danced with her twice at the county ball the evening before, and found conversation very up-hill work. "But you don't mind that."

"I never said I liked a girl to be stupid, Lyon: as you reminded me just now—there is a medium in all things. But are you sure Lady Gwendolyn is stupid? She never bores me!"

"I expect not, as she comes up to all your requirements, and sits in a sort of lovely calm, smiling a good deal, and talking very little."

"Exactly," said Philip; and pondering a few minutes, he added, "supposing we go and call at Lord Salford's this afternoon.

Lyon? I have never seen Lady Gwendolyn at home—for they had money difficulties, and let the place until quite lately—and I went to see if she looks as well in a simple afternoon-dress as she does in ball attire, or *en amazone*. Should you mind?"

"On the contrary I should like it amazingly. I took a great fancy to the cousin——"

"What! Miss Curson!" cried Philip Brabazon, in surprise. "Why she is absolutely plain!"

"Not when you see her away from her magnificent relative," answered Captain Lyon, laughing. "She has the sweetest expression I ever saw, and the softest violet eyes, with black eyelashes. And then, without being an *esprit fort*, she talks delightfully—or rather helps you to talk. All I can say is, if I had my choice between the two cousins, I shouldn't hesitate."

"Nor I?" returned Philip drily.

"Come, confess that you never even noticed Miss Curson," said Captain Lyon.

"The modest violet is apt to be overlooked when she grows by the side of some splendid exotic."

"Anyhow, I will have a good look at Miss Curson to-day," answered Philip, smiling, "since she has made you quite poetical."

The two girls were alone in the drawing-room when Philip and Captain Lyon were announced, and Lady Gwendolyn rose languidly to greet them, her splendid figure showing to peculiar advantage in a plain, tightly-fitting dress of dark-blue cashmere.

Her shining hair was gathered away into one large coil, behind, and though she sat close to the window, with the full light on her face, her perfect complexion showed without a flaw.

Philip was more than satisfied, and began to picture her as blending harmoniously with the objects of art and *virtu* at the Grange—the gem of the collection, and its fitting crown.

She never appealed to his heart—she merely stimulated his imagination—but then he had seen men make fools of themselves when they were in love; he much preferred to keep his head, and since she never talked she was not likely to scold, so they were sure to get on well.

He had just come to the conclusion that Lady Gwendolyn was just the wife he wanted, when he found that Miss Curson had tempted Captain Lyon into the garden; and the opportunity he might have sought for weeks was thrust upon him at the very moment his mind was made up, and therefore, it was as well to use it.

Without being a coxcomb, he knew his own value, and somehow it never occurred to him that Lady Gwendolyn would say him nay.

He bent forward, and took the cool creamy fingers that were lying idle and still in her lap, and said, softly:

"I am going to be very presumptuous, Lady Gwendolyn."

She just lifted her languid lids in gentle surprise, and murmured something about it was impossible he should be that.

"I am afraid you won't say so when I ask you for this dear hand always," he went on, warming a little to his work, but still in danger of losing his head.

Lady Gwendolyn's marble-white cheek was stained by a transient flush; but it died away again in a couple of seconds, and she seemed quite as composed as when she answered:

"I don't know you very well, Mr. Brabazon, but I must marry some day, I suppose, and I think we should get on very nicely together."

"Of course we should," he replied, liking her all the better for making no pretence of sentiment. "And then you would be near Lord and Lady Salford."

"Yes; that would be nice," she said, but without enthusiasm.

"And I think I could make you happy."

She looked at him and smiled.

"I am very easily pleased, and I like quiet people, who don't want you to be always doing what amuses them. I can always amuse myself if they leave me alone."

This speech seemed rather selfish, but she looked so lovely as she said it, Philip could only lift the white hand to his lips, and promise she should always be left alone—if she preferred it.

"Of course I shan't always want to stay at the Grange," she hastened to add, fearing she might be misunderstood.

"Oh, no! we will travel sometimes."

"And go to London for the season?"

"If you like——"

"I shall like; one gets so tired of the country, and trees, and flowers."

"You like pictures better, perhaps?"

"Oh; no; I never can look at pictures, they make my eyes ache," she answered at once.

"And then, you can see a more perfect picture than the painter ever conceived by just looking in the glass," said Philip, gallantly.

Lady Gwendolyn looked out of the window. What was the use of talking unless she was obliged—and he had not asked any question?

He was quite satisfied she should be silent, as it gave him more leisure to admire the even profile and delicately-moulded cheek and chin.

Before he had thought of anything fresh to say, Lady Salford rustled in, all apologies and explanations; and as the Earl was out, and he could not speak to him, Philip drove away.

"Well, what did you think of Miss Curson?" inquired Captain Lyon.

"To tell you the truth, I never noticed her," answered his friend, "but I promise you faithfully I'll look at her next time!"

"Pshaw! next time you will devote yourself to the beauty just as you did to-day? She is fast making an idiot of you, Philip, I do believe!"

"She is going to make a Benedict of me, but not an idiot, if I know myself!" was the calm reply. "I admire Lady Gwendolyn, and as I need not marry for money, the match is very suitable; but I am not what you call in love—at least, I suppose not—for I am not inclined to make myself ridiculous——"

"Or to write sonnets," put in Captain Lyon.

"Certainly not! Still I think Lady Gwendolyn and myself suit each other in a certain way, and will make a very happy couple. I shall always have something pleasant to look at!"

"Undoubtedly; but I want to give you a little hint, if I may, Philip."

"A dozen, if you like old fellow."

"I believe from something I have seen, that Lady Gwendolyn is a cold-hearted, selfish person, without any principle whatever—like her mother. You know Lord Salford was ruined entirely by his wife, whom he married as you would marry Lady Gwendolyn, entirely for her beauty. He drinks now, I know, and everyone pities the Countess; but when you are joined to a icicle who has as little conscience as heart, you are sure to take to something that isn't good for you."

"Yes, but drink is so degrading," replied Philip, who had grown pale. "Whatever my domestic troubles, I hope I should have too much self-respect ever to lower myself in that way."

"There's no telling; many men fall whom one could have sworn by," replied Captain Lyon; "and I don't fancy Lady Gwendolyn's would be the hand to hold anyone back."

"It is not much use telling me all this now. I proposed to her half an hour ago, and she accepted me. Besides, you have nothing against her really but conjectures, and they are not evidence. Tell me what you actually saw—not what you suppose."

"It was a mere trifle, perhaps, but it seemed to me to point to certain conclusions. It happened last night when the Salford party were leaving. I had just cloaked Miss Curson, and was going to see after the carriage, when Lady Gwendolyn sailed up. She did not perceive me, as I was on the other side of the curtain, and I heard her say, in a cold, imperious voice, 'Take off that cloak, you know it is warmer than mine.' 'I am afraid I oughtn't,' replied Miss Curson gently. 'You see, I have such a cold, and the night is rather chilly.' 'Pauaw! you have always got something the matter with you,' returned her ladyship, in a voice that sounded so cruel to me. 'That is the worst of poor relations, they expect to be clothed and fed, and treated like ourselves; and when you demand some little return, they've got a cold, or some other imaginary ailment, as a matter of course.' 'You can have the cloak, Gwendolyn,' said Miss Curson, with sad dignity, and the other took it. Now, you may say what you like, Philip, about refinement and a Grecian profile being inseparable, but a woman who could remind another of her dependence in that way must have a vulgar mind, even though she were born a princess of the blood royal."

"Are you quite sure you didn't misunderstand? It might have been a joke, said Philip, uneasily.

"If it had been a joke it would have been a very unseemly one," he replied; "but it was nothing of the kind, I assure you. Miss Curson's eyes were full of tears when I went back, but I noticed that she tried to hide them from me; and when I made some remark about her having exchanged cloaks with Lady Gwendolyn to hear what she would say, she gave a simple assent, and at once turned the subject."

"You see, we don't know all," said Philip Brabazon, after a long pause. "Miss Curson may be very impracticable and ungracious at home, and need a lesson now and then. Even then I don't excuse Lady Gwendolyn's conduct; but to tell you the honest truth, Lyon, I mean to try and think you were mistaken, for I must marry her now, let her be what she may."

Captain Lyon looked distressed, but he said no more. If this were the case, it was better his friend should be deceived—to the very end.

The next morning Philip had his interview with Lord Salford, and everything having been arranged most satisfactory from the Earl's point of view, his lordship said, jocularly:

"I shall begin as I mean to go on, Brabazon, and treat you without ceremony. I expect my steward every moment, and Gwen is in her morning-room—first door to the right."

Philip took the hint and departed, and when he came upon his *fiancee* in her white dress, looking as fresh and sweet as the roses she was arranging, he felt ready to say, with Pope:

> "If to her share a thousand errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you forget them all"

She went forward to meet him with outstretched hands and a pretty blush and smile.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, "for I wanted someone to help me to arrange my flowers. This is my cousin Amy's task usually, but she has a bad cold, poor child, and so I made her lie down. She is so unselfish, she won't take care of herself unless you make her," added Lady Gwendolyn, parenthetically. "What we should do without her, I can't think!"

She said this so sweetly and naturally, that Philip thought Captain Lyon could not have heard aright the night of the ball, or had conceived a prejudice against Lady Gwendolyn, and was trying wilfully to mislead him.

In spite of his friend's warning, Philip lingered all the morning by Lady Gwendolyn's side, lunched *en famille*, rode with his *fiancee* in the afternoon, and went away later, almost, if not quite, in love, fully persuaded that, if not quite as perfect mentally as physically, she was good enough for an ordinary mortal like himself.

But then, Philip had never needed a "ministering angel," and could not picture the time when he might want something of his wife besides looking beautiful and heading his house with ease and grace.

Captain Lyon, who had only obtained three days of absence, in order to go to the country ball, went away the next day without having mentioned Lady Gwendolyn's name again; but he did say, with a sigh, as they were driving to the station:

"I wish I had a third of your income only, Philip, although it is wrong to be covetous. If I had, I should ask Amy Curson to share it."

"I never saw anyone fall in love so easily as you do," returned Philip, laughing. "Why, you have only seen Miss Curson twice!"

"That is often enough for a girl who is as sincere as she is, and has nothing to hide."

"You don't know that. She may have the art which conceals art."

"I'd stake my life upon her honest-heartedness and candor!" exclaimed the captain.

"I'll tell her what a conquest she has made," said Philip, gaily, "when we get upon more cousinly terms. At present I am not sure that I even know her by sight."

"Didn't you see her yesterday, then?"

"No, she was not well, and Gwendolyn would not let her come down."

"Very considerate of her," replied Captain Lyon, drily. "Who need mind being a poor relation after that!"

Philip colored faintly, but he did not take up the gauntlet thrown down to him. It was no use arguing with a person who did not mean to be convinced.

But they parted on excellent terms, in spite of their difference of opinion. Philip had never been really in love yet, and therefore was inclined to give up a true friend for any woman under the sun.

The next few days were so fully engaged, Philip found it easy enough to forget his friend's warning.

Lady Gwendolyn was somewhat *exigeante*, and expected him always to be at her beck and call.

He must be ready to ride, drive, or dance at her bidding. He must fan her when she was warm, muffle her up when she was cold. If he forget to notice that she wanted a foot-stool she looked at him as reproachfully as if he had committed a sin; but she never scolded—although he was heretic enough to wonder sometimes if her reticence were not indolence.

But when Miss Curson came down, after a three weeks' confinement to her bedroom, Philip found his duties lightened. The girl seemed to know what was expected, and to do it without being asked, although she looked so delicate; still he wondered if it did not occur to Lady Gwen to offer service rather than to accept it.

On one occasion, particularly, Captain Lyon's warning recurred with full force. Lady Gwendolyn was sitting down to the piano to play to him, and wanted some music.

"It is in the large green book," she said, turning carelessly to Amy, who had been looking unusually tired and delicate all day. "You know where to find it."

Philip rose at once.

"Let me go," he said.

Lady Gwendolyn pouted.

"I don't see the use of disturbing everyone," she said; "and Amy knows where to find it."

Miss Curson gave him a deprecating glance out of her beautiful, sad eyes, and he drew back gravely.

But when the girl returned, flushing under her load, which was a formidable one to a creature so weak and frail as she was just then, Lady Gwendolyn left Philip to thank her, and seemed to be rather surprised at his taking the trouble, to judge from her half-disdainful air.

This was only one amongst many things Philip noticed, as his fair *fiancee* became either more sure of him, or less on her guard.

And he also noticed, with what grave, sweet patience Amy bore all the slights put upon her, and how anxious she was to hide them from him.

And day by day he became less satisfied with his engagement, although Lady Gwendolyn's beauty glamored him at times into believing he cared for her—a delusion that vanished as soon as she was out of his sight, when he found himself recalling with a persistence that frightened him, the sweet, pensive face of Amy Curson, and those wonderful violet eyes of which Captain Lyon had sung the praises.

What if her features were not exactly regular, she had the sweetest expression he had ever seen, and looked so innocent, and tender, and true; he began to understand what his friend meant by better than beauty.

She was pretty certainly, he decided now, for her face grew upon you strangely, whilst Lady Gwendolyn's, with its clear-cut perfection, and one smile, tried you after awhile.

Having always believed in Grecian profiles, he could hardly understand that monotony and want of variability should pall upon him, as it was contrary to his theories; but certainly, after he had been engaged to Lady Gwendolyn a month, and knew all her little tricks and graces by heart, he used to turn and watch the flickering dimples, and wait for the rare smiles on Amy's face with a feeling of pleasure and relief.

Even the pencilled shadow of her long eyelashes rising and falling on her clear, soft cheek, interested Philip amazingly; and sometimes he was so absorbed in this contemplation Lady Gwendolyn had to repeat a question quite sharply before she could gain his attention.

That the poor relation whom she made pay dearly for her home could be her rival never, however, once occurred to the haughty beauty, who had always been accustomed to look upon Amy as an insignificant young person.

By this time Philip had begun to repent of his rash engagement with all his strength, but a sense of honor kept him from giving any sign. And then, somehow, Lady Gwendolyn's position was in her favor.

You can't treat an Earl's daughter like a milkmaid, and play with her affections.

Philip knew she had no heart to be wrung, but she had pride to be wounded; and as their engagement was known throughout the country, it was impossible to break it off. But he turned a deaf ear to all Lady Salford's little hints about an early wedding-day. He was quite determined to put this off as long as he dared.

"We are going to St. Lazare, on the coast of Brittany, you know, in September; won't you go with us, Barbazon?" said Lord Salford, one day at luncheon. "We always want some sea-breezes about that time, and St. Lazare is one of our old haunts. You needn't stay more than a week, if you don't like to lose your shooting."

"I daresay I could manage to wait a little while," he answered, and a strange thrill went through him as he saw a faint blush steal to Amy's pale face, as if his consent gave her pleasure. "How long shall you stay?"

"A month, I expect, unless the ladies get tired of it. Now I can't shoot, I may as well be there as here."

"When do you start?"

"Well, we had fixed the first, but we can put off our journey for two or three days if you like, and take a bumper of game with us."

"That will suit me very well," replied Philip, hazarding another glance at Amy as he spoke, and surprised to find that the flush is dying away, had left her paler than he had ever seen her yet. "But if you would rather go on the first, I can follow a little later."

"Oh! no, we may as well wait, and travel together," answered Lord Salford, who was always glad to have someone with him who would save him the trouble of looking after his "womankind." "A day more or less makes no difference to us."

St. Lazare was a picturesque old town, a part of it built on the rock, and a part under. It was considered a healthy place, and had a good number of English residents, who turned out of their houses in the summer to let them to visitors.

Lord and Lady Salford had lived two years at St. Lazare in the days of their adversity, and the Earl had friends there who amused him, so that the Countess had no difficulty in getting her autumn change under these circumstances, although she would have much preferred an English watering-place, had it been possible.

As to poor Philip, getting more and more perilously interested every day in a pair of violet-gray eyes with long black lashes, all places were alike to him, so that he might pursue this fascinating study unsuspected, and torture himself with dreams of what might have been.

"St. Lazare seems empty this year," Lady Salford said, the second morning after their arrival. "I miss some of the oldest *habitues*, and I am almost afraid you won't be able to get your rubber at the Casino, my dear."

This last to her husband, who shrugged his shoulder, and answered, carelessly:

"St. Elwyn is here, so one can always get *ecarte*; but I suppose you and the girls find it rather dull?"

Lady Salford smiled.

"So long as you are amused, my dear ——"

"I am quite happy," put in Lady Gwendolyn. "There are plenty of yachts in the harbor, and one is always meeting people one never expected to meet. I saw Lord Mountford yesterday——"

Lady Salford gave her a warning glance, but Lady Gwendolyn only straightened herself with a certain defiance, and went on boldly:

"And he was more charming than ever. I think he is far the handsomest and most *distingue* man I ever saw."

"Nonsense, my dear," her mother said. "You didn't think so once, or——"

"I should have married him, you mean," returned Lady Gwendolyn, with something less than her usual languor. "Well, no, he is so poor."

"Pray don't make yourself out so mercenary, Gwen."

"I am not mercenary, mamma; but people can't live upon love, you know."

"It is rather a rash experiment certainly," returned the Countess, laughing, and there the conversation dropped.

But Lord Mountford's yacht lingered unconscionably at St. Lazare, and it was evident to the most casual observer that, in spite of her engagement, Lady Gwendolyn was renewing her former flirtation with the master.

Philip did not remonstrate or complain. On the contrary, he was glad to obtain a little more freedom in this way, for Lady Gwendolyn must need have some man in close attendance, and if she had Lord Mountford she did not want him.

He would not have been so philosophical if he had loved her of course, for Philip could be wildly jealous, he found out, when one of Lord Mountford's friends began to pay court to Amy Curson.

It did not concern him, of course, only that he could not bear to think of an innocent child like Amy being the sport of a man of the world, who only sought to glorify himself at her expense.

She had a much stronger head then he gave her credit for, as it happened, and was not at all overcome by Colonel Stuart's attentions; but of course it was very kind of Philip to watch over her in such a brotherly way, Amy thought, and felt quite touched.

A week passed cheerfully enough, and Lady Gwendolyn for once seemed very well amused. There was the beach in the morning, or a cruise in Lord Mountford's yacht, dancing in the evening at the Casino, and as much flirtation as her ladyship could crowd in a given time.

"If you don't take care you will lose Philip Brabazon," Lady Salford kept saying, warningly; "and you know he is the best chance you have had yet—as far as money goes."

"Yes, I know," she answered, carelessly: "but he doesn't really mind, mamma, or he would have said so. I may as well make the best of my last days of liberty."

"You will make the worst of them, my dear, if you don't take care."

"You are such a Job's comforter, mamma, Philip notices nothing, I assure you."

"You think so because he doesn't complain. But some men never complain. They wait quietly until they have collected their proofs, and then they come down upon you. I have an idea that Philip is one of that sort."

"And I have an idea that he is of the indifferent sort, mamma. He wants to marry me because I am handsome, and papa's position suits him, *et cætera*, but he doesn't care a straw about me, and is willing I should amuse myself, if I don't give him any trouble. Of course, if I were his wife, it would be different, and so I may as well make the most of my time."

To Lord Mountford the Countess spoke one day of the emptiness of the town.

"Which was always so full at this time of year, if you remember," she added. "I suppose St. Lazare has gone out of fashion."

"Didn't you know about the fever, then?" he asked, with some surprise. "I saw it in the Paris papers, and that has frightened people away, although it is absurd, because it is confined to the poor people in the lower town."

Lady Gwendolyn turned frightfully pale.

"Why didn't you tell us before?"

"I thought you knew, and it was not exactly an agreeable subject of conversation."

"It was the interest of everyone about us to keep us ignorant, for fear we should go away," said Lady Salford, who looked almost as startled as her daughter. "Is it a very infectious fever?"

"Well, yes—amongst the poor," he returned. "But they are so badly fed, they have no strength to resist it; there is no danger for us."

But still Lady Salford looked alarmed.

"I am afraid it is in the air; I can never remember it so sultry in September before."

"The hot weather encourages it, but I assure you there is no need to be anxious," eh replied. "And then my yacht is here, so that if you should hear of a single case in the upper town, you have only to step in, and we will be off to any place you like to select with the first favorable breeze.'

"Thank you, I will speak to my husband. I don't see the use of running any risk."

"Nor do I see the use of running away," said the Earl, when he was consulted. "The upper town is perfectly healthy; and we have made our arrangements for the month whether we stay or not. We can start at an hour's notice, if anything occurs to alarm us, and meanwhile the best thing is not to think of the fever, of course."

The sun went down that evening in a blood-red cloud, which stained all the western heavens; and the sea was so phosphorescent, every drop was a sparkle, and the tiny wavelets, as they kissed the shore, rolled softly back in long lines of emerald and silver. Left to themselves, Philip and Amy had strayed to the edge of the cliff, and sat there, watching the changing lights, and enjoying the fair breeze which had sprung up within the last hour.

"My head has been aching all day," said Philip, at last, "I am afraid I must go back to the hotel. Somehow, I have never felt exactly the thing since I came to St. Lazare —"

She looked up at him, and saw that his eyes were unnaturally bright. She could almost hear her heart beat with its wild fear, as she answered:

"Why didn't you consult Dr. Sharpe?"

"I don't know," he said, languidly. "I have never been really ill in my life, and he might make me fanciful, you know" (smiling); "besides, it is only the heat, I am sure."

Amy was not so sure, and her heart was full of an unspoken fear and anguish. Supposing Philip were to take the fever and die, she should lose the only friend almost she had in the world.

Lord Salford was kind to her certainly, but he was a careless man, and not over penetrating. He saw a thing wrong in his wife and daughter's treatment of his protégée once, and Amy would have cried rather than complain.

But she knew by a dozen little signs that Philip understood everything, and sympathized with her, and often, when she was looking utterly forlorn, as no one, not a kinder word, drew her out of herself, and cheered her with the reminder that someone in the world, at any rate, felt for her in her troubles.

She waited eagerly in the morning for some news of him, but he did not appear at breakfast; and though Lady Salford had had a message from him by his valet, she did not enlighten Amy as to its purport.

It was only in the afternoon she heard Lady Gwendolyn tell Lord Mountford, with rather a disdainful air, that Philip was quite knocked up by the heat, but hoped to join them at dinner.

However, when dinner-time came he was still absent, and Amy was more alarmed than she dared admit even to herself, when she found that Dr. Sharpe had been to him twice during the afternoon. In the evening she was the only one of the party who stayed at home; and seeing Dr. Sharpe coming from the corridor where Philip's room was situated, she felt she must speak to him, even if he put her down as forward and bold.

So she darted out of her room, and caught him as he was going past, saying, breathlessly, and with her eyelashes drooping guiltily on her flushed cheeks:

"Is Mr. Brabazon very ill?"

Dr. Sharpe looked at her keenly, and replied by another question:

"Are you his sister or his betrothed wife?"

"No, I am only an orphan niece of Lord Salford's, to whom he has been very kind; and if he is ill, and I could do anything to help him——"

She paused, and flushed again more brightly than before.

"He has taken the fever, and a bad sort, I am afraid," replied Dr. Sharpe, shaking his head gravely. "I have been trying all this afternoon to get him a nurse, but those that haven't their own people to attend to won't risk the infection, and there is not one sister of mercy disengaged. If you had the courage and strength——"

"Try me," interrupted Amy, her eyes glowing. "I should like it beyond words; and if anything were to happen to me it wouldn't signify, for there's no one to miss me much, and I have always wished to die young."

She said this with such perfect simplicity, he was more touched than he cared to show.

"You are quite young, and I am not sure you ought to risk your life," he began; but she stopped him at once.

"I have been where there were fevers, and I never catch anything, because I am not afraid I suppose. Do let me nurse Mr. Brabazon," she added, pleadingly, "I am quite strong, although I do not look so; and he has been so kind to me, I should like to make him some return. Besides, you know you can't get anyone else," she concluded, as if this would clinch the argument.

"My dear young lady, you throw a great responsibility upon me," replied Dr. Sharpe "Lord Salford may blame me for consenting."

"He always lets me do as I like; and supposing I go into the sick room without your permission, would that be better? After I had exposed myself to infection it would be no use turning me out, would it?"

"I think I won't have anything to do with it," he said, smiling and passing on; but of course he was not surprised, when he returned later, to find Amy had taken up the post of nurse with Philip's valet, whom nothing would have induced to desert his master as her assistant.

The room already looked brighter and cleaner, and Philip's wild eyes softened when they lighted on her sweet face, and as he heard the soothing tones of her voice. But why describe that awful struggle with death?

Philip had a fine constitution, but he had to fight the ground inch by inch, and would have passed the border-land often, only that Amy by her wonderful nursing, lured him back.

At last the crisis passed, and he lay white and gaunt and haggard—the spectre of his old self—but with nothing to conquer now save the terrible weakness, which he realized better than his past pain, because he was sensible again; but even this gradually passed away to a great degree, and at last Cox, his valet, was able to wheel him to the edge of the cliff, where he might feel the bracing air on his tired face.

"I think I can walk quite well now," he said, one day to Amy, "and I don't mean to be coddled any more. You look as if you wanted taking care of now."

"Do I?" she answered, with a sad smile. "I am quite well, and—and," hesitating very much, "I have been wanting to tell you, Mr. Brabazon, now you are able to do without me, I must go away at once. I suppose I never ought to have stayed at all; but how could one think of conventionalities when you were so ill?"

He gave her a long, keen look.

"Where are the Salfords?" they all went away in Lord Mountford's yacht the morning after you were taken with the fever.'

"And left you behind?"

"They wanted me to go, but Dr. Sharpe could not get anyone in my place, and you seemed to like me about you, so I stayed. My aunt was very angry, and I am not to go back to Salford; but I have found another home——"

"Where?" he interrupted in a stern tone.

"In a sisterhood."

"Amy, don't be absurd!"

"Why absurd?" she answered, looking a little hurt. "Dr. Sharpe says I am a tolerable nurse."

"He says nothing of the kind!"

The tears rose to her eyes, although she knew that he must be a little irritable necessarily on recovering from such an illness; but she grew scarlet up to the edge of her hair when he added:

"He says you are a divine nurse, and that I owe my life even more to your good nursing than to his skill! He also says that the Salfords cast you off with contumely, and treated you as if you were a pariah, because you chose to remain at your post, and that the cruellest of them was Lady Gwendolyn. I know all, my dear, but wanted to hear what you would say; and as to the sisterhood, I repeat it is simply absurd, and I have made other arrangements, much more desirable from every point of view. I have written to my aunt, Lady Beaulker, and she will carry you off to Paris, where I shall join you in a week; and then, my darling —"

He paused, overcome with emotion, adding presently in a passionate whisper:

"Don't you understand that I have loved you a long time now, Amy?" and that Lady Gwendolyn in deserting me, has left me free?"

"But I am afraid you would do this out of pity, because I have no home now, stammered out Amy.

"Look at me child."

She did look, and was satisfied. Her head was resting on Philip's shoulder, and her shy lips had paid the penalty of their doubts when she spoke again.

"Philip, you love beauty so much, and I am not beautiful, dear!"

"You are far better," he answered, with conviction. "I hate beauties!"

"Oh! Philip, you say this to please me, because I am plain!"

"Who told you you were plain?"

"Lady Gwendolyn," she answered, hesitatingly. "Of course, she is so lovely that I look worse than I am beside her; and I can quite understand her feeling."

"So can I," said Philip, with a peculiar smile.

"Anyhow, my darling, now you are not beside her, I think you quite pretty, and I wouldn't give you up," he added, clasping her passionately to his heart, "for all the beauties that ever breathed. You gave up your home, risked your reputation, to save my life—and that life belongs to you, if you will take it. I don't think you will ever regret it if you do."

"I am not afraid," she said shyly but firmly.

"And you love me a little, Amy?"

"I love you very dearly, Philip," she answered, modestly but promptly.

"And you shall not keep me waiting long for my wife, Amy?"

"It shall be when you wish, Philip," she replied, blushing divinely; and so he took advantage of her meekness, as men will, and named that day fortnight for the wedding.

Lady Gwendolyn was very angry when Amy wrote dutifully to her uncle to acquaint him with her marriage, and Lady Beaulker's kindness, Lord Salford said, with a sigh:

"I respect Brabazon for his discrimination. A man's wife may either make or mar him; and though Amy is not remarkably handsome, he will have something better—a true-hearted, tender, sympathetic woman, who will lighten his cares and enhance his pleasures, and keep their union perfect to the end!"

Sleep For The Sleepless.

Sleeplessness is a growing evil. In our busy age, when so many men and women overtax both physical and mental strength through overwork or pleasure-taking, there are five times as many cases of "Insomnia" as there were a generation ago. "What to do for these cases is one of the difficult problems with which the medical profession has to deal. Their chief dependence lies in the use of Chloral, Opium, Bromide, Chloroform, or some other narcotizing substance. These bring temporary but not refreshing sleep, and leave the nervous system, after their effects cease, in a more exhausted condition than before and with a lessened ability to sleep. The case of every one who resorts to these drugs becomes in consequence of the necessity for continually using them in gradually increasing quantities, simply hopeless.

But is there no safe way of quieting the excited nerves, and inducing a sleep that will be healthy, refreshing and permanent? Happily there is, under a treatment which does no violence to the system and cures by restoring the vital forces and nerve power to their normal condition.

A wonderful case of "Insomnia," and recovery from it is that of Mr. Arthur Hagan, the well-known wholesale tobacconist of Philadelphia. Mr. Hagan is one of the largest dealers in tobacco and is the Philadelphia representative of the great Baltimore house of G. W. Gail & Ax. To a gentleman who called on him at his store, No. 43 North Front St., to enquire about his case Mr. Hagan said:

"My case was one of severe and long continued insomnia, proceeding largely from dyspepsia, the result of too great application to business. Sleep became almost an impossibility. My distress during the night for not being able to secure refreshing slumber was dreadful. It weakened and distracted me during the day and made attention to business a slow martyrdom. For five or six years I was under the care of different physicians.

"After passing through a long variety of experiences as to physic and diet, I happened one day to pass the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and noticed the sign "Compound Oxygen." As all other modes of treatment had failed I thought I would try this, so I went in and began it at a venture. The Oxygen did not work an immediate miracle on me, but I soon felt that it was doing me good. Before long I began to know the pleasure of sleep. By degrees the dyspepsia left me and the power to sleep returned. My recovery was slow but it was real. For several months I took the Compound Oxygen, carefully obeying instructions, and constantly gaining strength, my system receiving the vitalizing which it so badly needed.

"It took place about two years ago and I have enjoyed a greater addition of health ever since. I have been able to attend with pleasure and satisfaction to my business. I eat and sleep as well as a man can desire to." If special information is desired in regard to the remarkable treatment from which such surprising relief was obtained it will be furnished by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1520 Arch St., Philadelphia, who will mail free their Treatise on Compound Oxygen to any one who will write to them for it.

COINCIDENCES IN DREAMS.

A LADY dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, and his place of concealment, at once the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire, which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently absurd; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned, with some young companions, with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion. She sent for him in the morning, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to give up his engagement; his companions went, and were all drowned.

Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone, and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment.

An instance of a very singular kind is mentioned by Mr. Joseph Taylor, and is given by him as an undoubted fact. A young man, who was at an academy a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house in the night, tried the front door, but found it locked; got in by a back door, and, finding nobody out of bed, went directly to the bedroom of his parents. He then said to his mother, whom he found awake, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye." On this she answered, under much agitation, "Oh, dear me, thou art dead!"

He instantly awoke and thought no more of his dream until, a few days after, he received a letter from his father, inquiring very anxiously after his health, in consequence of a frightful dream his mother had on the same night in which the dream now mentioned occured to him. She dreamt that she heard some one attempt to open the front door, then go to the back door, and at last come into her bedroom.

She then saw it was her son, who came to the side of her bed and said, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye;" on which she exclaimed, "Oh, dear me, thou art dead!" But nothing unusual happened to any of the parties.

Questions Answered!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of hope!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c," and they will tell you

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!

[illegible] wonderful and [illegible] which is so varied in its operations that [illegible] can possibly exist or resist [illegible] and yet it [illegible]

Harmless for the most [illegible] woman, [illegible] invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

[illegible] worn out of shape from excruciating pangs [illegible] inflammatory and chronic, or suffering [illegible]

[illegible]

"Salt Rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Our Young Folks.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"PLEASE to remember the old soldier, your honor: a poor, battered, shattered, old soldier, who has worn himself out in his country's service."

Mr. O'Neill looked up from his book at the plaintive voice, and met the brown eyes of his little daughter Maggie.

She was supposed to be got up as an old soldier.

An sister of Tom's, who was standing near trying to look grave, concealed the little maiden's feminine garments, an old cap of his covered her brown curls.

She had a stick in each hand to limp along with, but the great thing which the children thought a triumphant success was the display of medals of all sorts and sizes hanging to the button-holes, and stitched all over her breast.

"Worn out, your honor, in my country's service," repeated Maggie, making a low bow.

Mr. O'Neill closed his book, and at once entered into the children's sport.

"Well, old soldier," he replied, scarcely able to look as grave as the child, "I suppose your grateful country has rewarded you, at any rate, and you have a small pension?"

"Not a farthing, your honor. I can say with the greatest truth I do not receive a ha'penny even from my 'grateful country.'

"Not a likely tale, old soldier. I fear you are an impostor.

"An impostor, your honor!" exclaimed Maggie, indignantly. "Look at my medals. They will speak for me.

Mr. O'Neill, who was short-sighted, put up his glass, and after looking steadily for a minute, observed—

"That large medal, if I mistake not, has the cathedral of Cologne on the other side."

"Exactly so, your honor," said Maggie, coolly. "I received that one after the battle of Cologne."

This was too much for Mr. O'Neill's gravity; as for Tom, who had been stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth, and making vain efforts to be grave, he went off into a fit of laughter, for which he received a very severe frown from Maggie.

"There," said her father, giving her a penny; "be off, old soldier, and mind you don't come this way again."

"A thousand thanks, your honor," said the old soldier, bowing to the ground. "I hope you'll never miss this penny;" and seizing her sticks, Maggie hobbled off to the other side of the room, where her mother was at work.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door," said Maggie, in the most forlorn voice. "Dear, sweet lady, think how hard it must be to beg."

"A bad thing to do," remarked Mrs. O'Neill; but you don't look as if you minded it."

"What can I do, my lady?" said Maggie, with energy. "I must eat and drink, and have a lodging. I have taken one penny—just one penny—to-day, from the kind gentleman opposite. A penny won't go far, my lady."

"You look plump and rosy, even," exclaimed Mrs. O'Neill, looking at her steadily, "as though you fared well daily."

"It's my contented mind that gives me that look," answered Maggie, with emphasis. "I assure you my lady, I live mostly on laughter."

Mrs. O'Neill could not keep her countenance any longer. Maggie, the merriest, drollest, happiest child in the world, was the pet and delight of a large family of boys and girls, to whom her inexhaustible fun and good humor were always welcome. She was a very small eater, so that her brothers and sisters often said she lived upon laughter. Hence Maggie's remark now.

"Your boy does not seem to believe your story; he is laughing behind your back," observed Mrs. O'Neill.

"He is no boy of mine!" exclaimed Maggie. "If he were I hope he would have a kinder heart."

"There is a penny for you; and mind the police don't get hold of you as a tramp," said her mother.

"A thousand thanks for the penny, dear lady, and a thousand more for the caution," said Maggie, fairly bowing herself out of the room, followed by Tom.

Scarcely had the door closed behind them than they sat on the stairs and laughed to their heart's content, till their peals of laughter even infected their father and mother.

"What an extraordinary command of her face that little monkey has," said the former. "She will bear the steadiest gaze without flinching, while poor Tom breaks down at the first look."

"She is an admirable mimic, too," said her mother, "with her flexible voice as well as manner, though, perhaps, it's a rather dangerous gift."

When the children had recovered their gravity, Maggie gave Tom a good scolding for what she called his untimely laughter."

"It is quite dreadful of you, Tom! You spoil everything with that bad habit of laughing. Why don't you wait till the game's done?"

"I can't," said poor Tom. "I try very hard, I really do, Maggie. But who is to look at you without laughing? you know very often mother and father can't."

"They have a right to," continued Maggie, "but you have not when you are acting. Only the other day, when we were acting historic scenes, you laughed when you were going to be beheaded, and——"

"But, Maggie," interrupted Tom, "you are too hard upon me, and you laugh yourself sometimes more than any one in the house."

"At the right time," said Maggie, gravely. did you ever hear me laugh when my head was going to be cut off?"

"No," answered Tom. "But there, you are so clever at charades, or acting, or any fun, and I am not."

Maggie was appeased, and graciously condescended to say, "Perhaps you will improve by-and-by. Where shall we go to now—to the school room, where Mademoiselle was giving the elder girls a French lesson, and Maggie accosted her in a broken voice—

"A thousand pardons, Madame! Have a little sympathy for an old mustache! A soldier's daughter will not refuse a trifle to an old soldier."

"Certainly not," she good-naturedly replied, looking into her basket. "Alas! I have not got a penny; so please go, old soldier.'

"Certainly!" exclaimed Maggie, "and thanks for your readiness to help." Putting her hand to her heart, she added in a sentimental tone, "Ah! I have always loved your nation. I never fought against the French—never would."

"Bravo, old soldier! there's a threepenny bit for your neat little speech; but do not, on any pretence, interrupt us again."

"A thousand thanks, dear lady; you shall see me no more—till tea-time."

"They earned five pence for us," said Maggie, "and with two pence we have, and two pence to come on Saturday, we shall have the ninepence we want."

"Mrs. O'Neill had a very dear friend who had married a missionary, and given her heart and strength to her husband's work. Every year, with some help from others, Mrs. O'Neill sent her a box full of articles of clothing, books, pictures, and many other things—rewards for colored school-children.

On the following Saturday, when Mrs. O'Neill had given the younger children their weekly pennies, Maggie put ninepence into her mother's hand and said—

"It is to buy a packet of cards for the missionary-box; it is from Tom and me, but we thought you would choose best, please mother, if you won't mind the trouble."

"Where did you get all this money?" inquired Mrs. O'Neill.

Maggie gave a meaning smile to Tom, and a light dawned upon Mrs. O'Neill.

"I think I know," said she.

"Well, how, mother?"

"The old soldier, I suppose."

"Tom and I wanted to get something quite by ourselves," replied Maggie. "We were reading in the little 'green book' last Sunday of the lot of money the children got for missionary work. I can't think how they got so much. Tom and I puzzled our brains for ever so long in vain: at last"—and here Maggie's voice became deep and plaintive—"the old soldier came to our help."

"Well," said her mother, smiling, "a joke is no harm once in a way among ourselves, but it is not a thing to be repeated."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Maggie, innocently. "It would be no fun to do the same thing again. I would be an old sailor next time, or a Savoyard. I could make you into such a capital dancing bear, Tom, it would be just perfect, wouldn't it?" said Maggie, clapping her hands with delight.

"I see you don't understand me," observed her mother. All that is play; great fun for you——"

"And a little for our parents," said Maggie, demurely.

"I grant it," continued her mother, greatly inclined to what Maggie called untimely laughter." "But you know, dear children, the little helpers in the 'green book' gave time, work, and real self-denial. Should you be willing to give these?"

"Certainly, dear mother," said both children, in a breath. "Only tell us how," continued Maggie.

"Mrs. O'Neill pondered a little, and then said to them—

"I was just going to give Ellen a set of new dusters to make; if you like, Maggie, I will keep them back for you to do on wet days, when you cannot play in the garden. For each one you hem I will give you a penny; will that do?"

It was more difficult to find something for Tom to do; even Maggie, so fertile in resources, was puzzled.

At last she exclaimed—"I know; don't you remember showing me the little shoeblacks in London, mother? I saw a good many no bigger than Tom. Could you not let him clean the boots and shoes sometimes, and give him a penny a pair? He could earn a heap of money."

"And spoil a heap of clothes," answered her mother, smiling.

"I have thought of another thing. Russell sometimes has a boy to weed in the garden; couldn't Tom weed? I think he would be useful in that way."

Tom was closely questioned, and it was proved that he knew grass, groundsel, and dandelions were weeds.

"Everything that grows in the walks is a weed," said Maggie. "Could he not weed the kitchen-garden walks, mother?"

The worst of it was Tom could not weed on a wet day, when the children were very glad of something to do; however, it was settled that when he wished to earn a missionary penny, he might weed for an hour, and the children were perfectly contented. They did not earn much, certainly, but their mother was pleased they had offered to do something, and as Maggie sagely remarked—

"Every little helps—nurse says, 'many a little makes a mickle.' Perhaps we shall have earned a mickle, Tom, some day."

THE WATER-MAIDEN.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE storm had subsided over the turrets of Ruthenwold Castle, and the stars were reflected in the Rhine like fairy-tales enshrined in its waters.

There were clouds suspended in the lovely skies, but they were of a light and silvery texture.

The scenery around was glorious. The surrounding plains, rich with summer blossoms, and kissed by the glancing moonbeams, the varied dells through which the sweet streams poured their melody as if some genii had touched the wind-harp of Paradise, and the scattered hills with woods and waterfalls, presented to the imagination.

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."

The young Count of Ruthenwold had arisen from his couch to the casement to refresh his languid brow with the sweet fresh air.

As he surveyed the magnificent scene, the summer breeze imparted a coolness to his pale but feverish cheeks.

His sleep had been haunted by a vision of the most surpassing loveliness, and a powerful spell had entwined it with his memory.

His fancy had represented to him a dark and majestic rock whose giant form was reflected in the blue water-foam of the river beneath.

As his buoyant skiff glided by it, he heard music ascend from the rippling wavelets, deep, solemn, and dreamlike music, which entranced his heart with its witchery. Soon as the magic strain had ceased, a lovely nymph, whose person was more symmetrical than the noblest conception embodied in marble by the sculptor, arose from the waters, and threw aside her golden hair to gaze upon Ruthenwold.

The young Count could not withdraw his sight to avoid her fascinations, and thus became enthralled by a charm he was unable to resist.

As his skiff approached that portion of the river on which she sat arranging her beautiful ringlets, he sprang into her arms, and her kisses melted on his lips.

"I love thee," said the nymph, as he hung on her snowy bosom; "thou shalt live with me in a land where the sparkling moonbeams glance on the treasures of the mighty deep, and in our lustal halls thy sleep shall be charmed with the music of fairy-lutes. Thou art mine, beautiful youth! and I will love thee as the water-maiden alone can love!"

As she breathed this bewitching language into his ears, they gradually descended with the tide, and Ruthenwold awoke to ruminate on this singular dream.

As he stood surveying the distant scenes, he perceived a rock which formed an exquisite resemblance to the object of his vision, and deeply excited his curiosity. Determined to obtain an explanation of the mystery, he left his father's castle, and submitting his small skiff to the dark-blue element, was soon borne along to the place of which he was in quest.

As he approached the rock, he heard a manly voice chant this irregular but spirited song:—

There where you rock is sleeping,
Beneath the bright moonshine,
A nymph her watch is keeping,
And gazing on the Rhine.

She looks upon the river,
As the vessels glide along;
She sings and gazes ever,
But, Youth! beware her song.

With eyes so softly beaming,
Thus doth she look on all,
Whilst, like clustering sunbeams streaming,
Her golden ringlets fall.

But, like the inconstant water,
Those glances still have roll'd:
Beware the flood's fair daughter,
For the wave is false and cold!

As Ruthenwold glided past the verdant banks of the river, the forester of his sire, the old Count Palatine, hailed him from the shore, and it was he who had sung the lay which at first startled the young adventurer.

Ruthenwold pursued his way, and at length attained that portion of the river where the rock displayed its magnificent brow.

The calmness of the night, and the beauty of his native Rhine, soon led him into a contemplative reverie.

The scene was indeed worthy of some lofty poetical imagination to consecrate and enshrine it with the graces of verse; and as Ruthenwold pressed lightly on the lute which hung from his shoulder by a purple ribbon, he felt inclined to celebrate its beauty in one of his most impassioned songs.

But, as he gazed intensely on the reflected stars, he heard a musical sound, such as the wind snatches from the strings of an Æolian harp, and, on raising his head, beheld a maiden of the most exquisite loveliness arranging her sunny ringlets on the rock.

Her person exhibited a fine display of symmetry, and the sweetness of her smile contained much persuasiveness.

Ruthenwold had never beheld so much beauty concentred in a human form; he bowed homage to the enchantress, who waved her snowy hand as a signal for his approach.

His boat glided steadily beneath the rock and she descended from its brow to encircle him in her arms.

Ruthenwold lay entranced upon her bosom, and her tender lips pressed upon his with all the fervor of impassioned love. At the same moment a strain of liquid music breathed around him, and captivated his heart with a dream of delight; and as its cadence melted away into the balmy air, a sweet but plaintive voice sung, "I love thee!"

"I have been awaiting thy boat, beautiful youth!" exclaimed Undine, "and blessing the stars that lighted its course along the Rhine. But thou art come—at length thou art mine, and shalt dwell with me in the crystal palaces of the deep."

"As thou wilt, my lovely one!" replied Ruthenwold. "A vision of thee enchanted my sleep in my father's hall, but I have left it, and only wish to live in the light of thy beauty."

"Ruthenwold," cried a powerful voice which seemed familiar to the Count, "hapless boy, thou art lost! Reject the arts of that false and deceitful siren, and avoid her fascinations. She will allure thee to a crystal grave beneath the Rhine. Leave her, Count. It is thy father's forester who speaks to thee."

Undine placed the youthful Count in his skiff, but still clung to him with the fondest embraces that ever betrayed the affection of woman.

"Alas!" she sighed, "wilt thou forsake me? I shall pine for thy presence when the stars sparkle in their azure fields like spirits of the air."

Still old Heinbach, the forester, vociferated his exclamations from the banks of the river, but at length, finding he employed them ineffectually, he loaded his musket and discharged its contents at the water-nymph.

A thrilling shriek announced the destructive execution of his cruelty, and Undine breathed her last sigh on the bosom of her lover.

As she fell bleeding into his arms, her sweet maidenly voice soothed his spirit with the words, "I leave thee!"

"Heinbach—villain!" exclaimed Ruthenwold, "thou wilt yet remember this atrocity with regret."

"Never, Count," replied the forester, "nor will thy noble sire, of whom thou art the hope."

The young heir of Ruthenwold returned to the castle of his father, the old Count Palatine, but a languid gloom had enshrouded his hitherto fervid imagination, and his lute was permitted to hang on the cypress tree untouched by all save the gentle wing of Zephyr. A mental apathy seemed to color all his actions, and whenever he approached the rock where his adventures with the water-maiden had impressed such powerful recollections on his mind, a gush of tears suffused his cheeks, and it required a considerable time to restore him to his usual tranquillity. But the chain which entwined him to his earthly wilderness was soon divided by death, and his spirit melted away from earth like the faint music of a huntsman's horn dying in the space of air.

FOLK-LORE.—The following amusing specimen of English superstitions appeared in "Notes and Queries" some years ago:—

All texts heard in a church to be remembered by the congregation, for they must be repeated at the day of judgment.

If the clock strikes while the text is being given, a death may be expected in the parish.

A death in the parish during the Christmas-tide is a token of many deaths in the year. I remember such a circumstance being spoken of in a village of Somerset. Thirteen died in that year, a very unusual number. Very many attributed the great loss of life to the fact above stated.

When a corpse is laid out, a plate of salt is placed on the chest. Why, I know not.

None can die comfortably under the cross-beam of a house. I know a man of whom it was said at his death that after many hours hard dying, being removed from the position under the cross beam, he departed peaceably. I cannot account for the origin of this saying.

Ticks in the oak-beams of old houses, or death-watches so called, warn the inhabitants of that dwelling of some misfortune.

Coffin-rings, when dug out of a grave, are worn to keep off the cramp.

Water from the font is good for ague and rheumatism.

No moon, in its change, ought to be seen through a window.

Turn your money on hearing the first cuckoo.

The cattle low and kneel on Christmas-eve.

Should a corpse be ever carried through any path, etc., that path cannot be done away with.

Smothering hydrophobic patients is still spoken of in Somerset as so practised.

The nurse who brings the infant to be baptised bestows upon the first person she meets on her way to church whatever bread and cheese she can offer, i.e., according to the condition of the parents.

In Devonshire it is thought unlucky not to catch the first butterfly.

DOCTORS sometimes use ambiguous language otherwise than in their prescriptions, as, for example, in the of one who writes to a friend in Rome from a summer resort: "I am terribly busy, but I hope to finish off my patients in a fortnight, and I shall then take a good holiday."

THERE is one thing to be said in favor of early marriage. It gives the couple a few more years in which to find out which is boss.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed—
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in rosy riot fly,
While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations
The tale of others' suffering seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding
How longs it for the time to be,
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in revery!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shades and loneliness;
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given
By a lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and a world to come.

ABOUT MERMAIDS.

When, in olden days, storm-tossed sailors returned to their homes, no tales were more marvelous—even in a wonderful budget—than those they narrated of the strange creatures—mermaids—which basked in southern seas.

Belief in the sea-serpent is not yet extinct. Every year we hear of him, and generally when we have most time on our hands to think of him—say in August or September. The crew of some ship is reported to have seen with astonishment and dismay a great sea-monster disporting himself on the surface of the waves.

But of the mermaid, what is to be said? She rose out of the water with lovely face and bust, and long shining hair; sometimes she combed her hair and gazed at her dazzling reflection in a hand or looking-glass; but only her body was human; from her waist downwards she was a fish, with fish's scales and tail.

We may begin with the story of a Scottish mermaid, who anticipated the medical women of this century in her desire to give sound advice. A young woman died of consumption in Renfrewshire, in that long-past age which we call "once upon a time." Her funeral passed along the high road by the Clyde, above Port Glasgow; and, as it passed, a mermaid rose from the Clyde, and said:

"If they wad drink nettles in March,
And eat muggins in May,
Sae mony braw maidens
Wadna gang to the clay.

This was, for the times, sensible advice, for both mugwort (or muggins) and nettles were valued and largely used by people in those days. The roots of mugwort used to be collected on St. John's Day. The Saxon leech-books say it puts away madness. Nettles are still used in agricultural districts, or were used until very recently, and tea made from nettle-tops is said to cure nettle rash.

But, indeed, if such tales were true, what good could be said of the mermaid? Think of the story of Maurice Connor, the Irish piper. Maurice was blind, but he was not the less a man of remarkable skill and fame. Like his German rival, the Pied Piper, who worked such havoc in Hamelin town, he played a magical air; whence he had obtained and learned it no one knew. But, whenever he began to play, old men and young maids, grey matrons and lusty youths, began to caper and dance, and continued to do so until the music ceased. One day Maurice went to the seashore, and piped there, and all the fish jumped and leaped in their desire to be near the magic music. Maurice, however, had wooed his fate. "Up came a mermaid and whispered to Maurice of the charms of the land beneath the sea, and the blind piper danced after her into the salt sea, followed by the fish, and was never seen more."

In the southwest of Ireland the story is still told of one Shea, who won a mermaid for a wife, and kept her so long as he retained the talisman—in this case, a cap, a somewhat unusual article for a mermaid. She escaped at last, and retained a grudge against her captor and all of his name. Every Shea who ventures to a certain spot in Dingle Bay will be drowned, for there the Shea of tradition met the mermaid.

But some mermaids are more tender-hearted. Anderson tells of Danish sea-nymph who saves a prince's life in a shipwreck, and, for love of him, leaves her native element. She is with him always, till he weds a princess; then her heart breaks, and she becomes an elf.

And who that has read "Undine," can forget the story of that interview where the neglected water-nymph seeks her false knight, Hildebrand, and kisses him to death. Mermaids who love mortal men have, indeed, as hard fates as mortal men who love mermaids.

The splendor and color of the mermaid's hair are traditional. It was the yellow hair of a Fortarshire mermaid which nearly ruined the young Lord of Lorntie. When riding home one night from a hunting excursion, accompanied by a servant, he heard cries of distress from a lake which lay hidden in a wood.

He made his way quickly to the spot, and saw a beautiful woman in the last stage of exhaustion. She called to him by name to help her, and he rushed into the lake, and was about to grasp "the long yellow locks, which lay like hanks of gold upon the water," when his servant, who had followed him into the water, seized him and dragged him away.

"Bide, Lorntie; bide a blink," the man called, "that wauling madam was nae other, God saut us! than the mermaid." And so, indeed, "that wauling madam" was.

Lilith, the rabbinic first wife of Adam, was gifted with marvelous beauty, especially in her hair, and used spells and magic arts.

A double of Lilith is probably to be found in Leila, a leading figure of Persian romance, of inexplicable fascination, of dark complexion, with long dark hair, beautiful only to her lovers, but driving them to madness. The Babylonian epic of Izdhubar records his being withstood on the sea-coast by two women, Sidari and Sabitu, whom we may strongly suspect of being sorceresses.

Sorceresses and witches of all time have had disheveled hair when entering on their sombre rites and incantations, and the Dame du Lac (a fay of romance) had wonderful hair. To this may be added as an additional link between the sirens and the mermaids, that, as if to illustrate the classical tale that the sirens had once wings, but lost them when vanquished by the muses, there are existing representations of seventeenth century work of mermaids with wings.

Grains of Gold.

Charity is the very livery of Christ.

Keep full in view the final end.

All great thoughts proceed from the heart.

Love can gather hope from a marvelous little thing.

We should treat a keen man as we would a razor—cautiously and tenderly, or we are sure to bleed.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite.

If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with an uproar of derision.

We should never wed an opinion for better or for worse; what we take upon good grounds we should lay down upon better.

As farmers believe it must be advantageous to sow in mist, so the first seeds of education should fall in the first and thickest mist of life.

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all—that is, no instant force and energy—but in the present.

Vice seizes hold not of the passionate so much as of the cold and vacant mind. On this account education and cultivation are to be looked to as potent remedies.

Contempt, even in its incipient state, banishes all real benevolence or helpfulness. It kills the sentiment, destroys the desire, and banishes the power of doing good.

Will-power is the young man's fortune. It is the essence of the man. A young man with only a little will-power is a foregone failure. It should be cultivated.

Whoever can work with the best heart, zeal and industry, can, as a rule, play with the most pleasure. The consciousness of duty neglected will cast a veil over the brightest enjoyment.

Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much as, if not more than, the persons they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain, to give them up than would be requisite to avoid them.

Femininities.

When two persons quarrel, both are in the wrong.

There are no grass widows or divorced women at Newport, but only "friends."

The craze for old China is on the wane, and the prevailing notion is for old silver.

A woman can't be a good bank cashier unless she is quick at figures; but almost any woman makes a good teller.

At Coblentz, lately, three sisters, triplets, celebrated jointly their 70th birthday anniversary. All are in good health.

A Detroit girl drew a door mat, with crayon, on the front steps; and it was so natural that several callers tried to give it a wipe.

A Pittsburg lady cooked Lafayette's dinner when he visited America in 1825. It will be remembered that the Marquis never returned.

In Edgefield, S. C., the young unmarried lawyers take their fees in chickens, and present them to their sweethearts. Is that romance or economy?

The tear of sensibility on the cheek of a beautiful woman, like the dewdrop of heaven on its favorite rose, sheds new sweetness where all was sweet before.

A good wife must smile amid a thousand perplexities, and clear her voice to tones of cheerfulness, when her frame is drooping with disease, or else languish alone.

Miss Minerva: "Now, Miss Wells, if Charles had seven apples, and gave three to Clara—" Miss. W. (scornfully): "Gave 'em to Clara!—I'd just like to see him do it."

"James, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto; he is fond of reading, you know."

Guests at a dinner in Morocco are obliged to wash their faces and hands seven times during the meal; and, while they are eating, slaves stand around fumigating them with incense.

A colored woman asked the Fulton, Ga., Superior Court for a divorce, at a recent session, on the ground that she had been living with her husband for five years and was tired of him.

"You bear," says the talkative millionaire milliner, M. Worth, "of dresses that cost from $1,500 to $2,000. I venture to say that not four dressmakers in Paris ever made any at such prices."

At the recent rifle festival in Austria, a Tyrolese peasant girl carried a standard that was first used in 1648, when the women of Bregenz, the canton to which she belonged, victoriously repelled the Swedes.

The disappointment of her husband failing to visit her, after having promised to do so, caused a Long Island woman to commit suicide, recently. The deceased was visiting a sister living out of town.

She did not mean it, but he took it as a hint. It was getting very late, and suddenly the gas brightened up very much. "Why, what caused that?" he asked. "Everybody in the neighborhood is going to bed," she answered.

Fond mamma: "Why, I thought you and little Flossie Brown were great friends." Little Miss Fashion: "So we are; but you wouldn't have me play with a girl who dresses her doll in last year's fashions, would you, mamma?"

Two thousand dollars is the value which a New York woman places upon half her little finger—at least, she has brought suit for that sum ags nst a butcher who accidentally cut off that portion of the member while carving a piece of meat.

Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure for preaching before the Court at Richmond Palace on the infirmities of old age, and observing how it had "furrowed her face and besprinkled her hair with its meal."

Last winter a woman entered a store in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked thus: "I never did like them kind of stoves. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, these gas-burners don't."

Oranges should not be chosen for size. Weight is the test of a good orange. In Spain, the favorite home of the orange, the fruit-girls, if bribed with some infinitesimal coin above the market price, weigh each orange in their store, and select for their generous customer the heaviest of the lot.

Not very long ago a gentleman who had been the Czar's guest, at Gatchina, was told by her Majesty the Czarina that the life of the imperial family was one of constant anxiety. "Indeed," added the Empress, "I almost dread sometimes lest the milk given to my children in the morning should contain po'son."

A Connecticut School Board has voted not to employ this year any schoolma'am who will not agree to remain single until the end of her term—this is "to prevent love-sick young ladies from taking the schools, and devoting the time which should be employed in teaching the children to courting and riding around with the fellows."

The liberty of women reaches in Burmah a degree not attained in any other country of the East—even Japan. The choice of marriageable girls is perfectly free; a man's wife acts for her husband in almost any business capacity; women appear in public unveiled, and their intercourse with strangers is absolutely unrestricted. They are born petty traders, and in many cases conduct a thriving retail business, while their male relatives are idling or gambling, pastimes to which they are much addicted.

Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap-bubbles with them through a common clay pipe." Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.: "That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe!" Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe!" Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that!" Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.: "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes and drinks awfully!"

Masculinities.

The road to wealth is crowded with the men who are turning back.

Someone says: "Man is born to rule the world." Yes, but he sometimes gets married.

The Prince of Wales is entitled to wear about seventy-five different uniforms—one at a time, of course.

Thomas Lloyd, a noted English versifier, is reported to have eaten all his effusions which did not otherwise suit his taste.

When a Patagonian husband kills his wife he is fined two goats. Goat-raising in Patagonia is carried on to a large extent.

In this country 3,000,000 women support themselves by their own efforts. Many of them also support children and worthless husbands.

A recent English decision establishes the position of betting agents, and gives principals and agents legal rights and liabilities toward each other.

Gibbons, the bachelor, asserts that a married man never has a cold dinner, for, when he happens to go home late, his wife always "makes it hot for him."

An Englishman has discovered that kissing, to be Scriptural, must be between those of the same sex. It is evident that the Bible needs to be revised just once more.

"We have a squadron of bronze heroes here, mounted on brass horses," writes a Washington correspondent, "but one looks in vain for statues of Webster and Clay."

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you ever read of the plague in Spain?" "No; I don't want to read of it, either; it's enough to have a plague in your own house."

It is said that only one woman in a thousand can whistle. Well, she doesn't need to. The husband's the one who receives the bills, and, of course, he's the one to whistle.

Toy rabbits, with clockwork things to make them hop, are let loose at Newport balls, to the vociferous joy of silly beaux, and the trepidation of mice-shunning young women.

Men and women, to lead worthy lives, must have a just respect for themselves and a just respect for others. Whatever tends to realize and to strengthen these promotes human welfare.

Conscripts for the Russian army are rejected if their chests do not measure at least half as much as their stature. Severe starvation is resorted to by the peasants to reduce themselves to avoid conscription.

"Can't you give us some war reminiscences?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of ex-soldiers telling stories. "No; I believe not," he answered promptly; "you see I've only been married six months."

Meissonier, since the opening of the exhibition of his pictures, has apparently a dislike to paint women; his reply to a critic who asked him for his reason, was merely: "They can paint themselves better than I can."

There have been various answers to the conundrum: "Why is a ship called she?" We think the proper answer is: Because she is handsomest when she is well-rigged. Wives should cut this out and show it to their husbands.

One of the convicts of the Utah Penitentiary complains that he "is serving in the vile place for no other crime than loving and cherishing three of the loveliest wives in the United States, together with twenty-three pretty children."

Sleeping with the head to the north, and the physical and mental advantages to be derived therefrom, is a subject in which interest is being revived. A German physician of note was quoted many years ago as saying that he believed he had added at least a decade to his life, besides keeping his health perfect, by this practice.

A couple of "innocents" waited on the rector of the medical faculty of Heidelberg University. Professor: "What is it you want?" Both: "We wish to sell our bodies for dissection after death." Professor: "Very good. How much do you ask?" Both: "Well, you see, at the University of Madgeburg they gave us each ten thalers."

"Was it raining very hard when you came in?" asked Bobby, of Featherly, who was making an evening call. "Raining!" said Featherly; "certainly not. The stars are out." "It's funny," continued Bobby, thoughtfully. "Pa had a gentleman here to dinner this evening, and I heard ma say as you came up the steps that 'it never rains but it pours.'"

A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook: "One lamb!" "Great Scott, mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat a bull lamb; gimme some fried oysters instead." "One fried!" bawled the waiter. "Well, Methuselah's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster hain't goin' to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Darn these city eatin' places."

Miss Bessie, her youthful lover, Aunt and Uncle Joe. Miss Bessie—"Tell me, auntie, am I twenty-five or twenty-six to-day? It is funny enough, but I never can remember." Auntie—"Why, Bessie, you oughtn't to forget when you were born—you are twenty-six." Uncle Joe (who is a little deaf)—"Bessie born in '26! Why, Jane, you're crazy; she wasn't born till '40; and that only makes her thirty-five."

Examiner: "What is the color of this flag?" Engineer: "Green, sir." "Right. Now close your left eye. What is the color of this flag?" "Green, sir—dark green." "Just so. Shut your right eye. What flag am I waving now?" "A black one, sir." "Nonsense—it's a bright red. And this flag?" "Black, sir." "Pshaw! It's white. Your left eye seems a little off." "Well, maybe it is; it's a glass eye, sir."

A Mr. Pratt, of London, proposes to bury the dead paupers of the English metropolis in cheap coffins, which are to be cemented together with concrete, from time to time, and employed to build a breakwater at Horne Bay. The proposition is even more remarkable than that suggested in New York ten years ago—to employ the paupers in keeping pigs on the islands, and feed them on the pork, feeding them to the pigs in turn as they died, thus saving burial expenses and forage.

OF PAPER-HANGINGS.

IT may not be obvious, at the first thought, how it is that what we know as "wall-paper" should ever have come to be called "paper-hangings," inasmuch as the definition of the world hang is—"to fasten something above in such a way as to be movable," and everyone who has tried to remove a paper from the wall can testify that it is not an easy thing to do.

The explanation is to be found in the fact that formerly the walls were protected by hangings of leather, or cloth, or tapestry—the loose arras behind which poor old Polonius retreated, and where he was stabbed by Hamlet.

It is probable that when paper was first introduced it was suspended from the wall, instead of being pasted upon it, for this pasting would require a smooth surface, which was not usual in the interiors of ancient houses. Lath and plaster were not admissible in the grander sort of structure, and would have been too great a luxury for the more common kinds of dwellings.

The use of paper for any purpose, among the people from whom we are descended does not date back very far. The first patent for paper-making in Britain was taken out less then two hundred and twenty years ago—"

"For the way and art of making *blew* paper used by sugar bakers and others." In 1675 a second patent was issued for "The art and skill of making all sorts of white paper for the use of writing and printing, being a new manufacture, and never practised in any way in any of our kingdoms or dominions."

In proof of his statement the first ballots that were counted, in the colony of Massachusetts(eighteenth century), for the election of office bearers, were beans; the white beans to signify election, and the black a negative.

Among the strange materials which it has been proposed to manufacture into paper, as indicated by the patents that have been from time to time applied for, the following may be mentioned:

Aloe fibres, asbestos, banana fibre, bean-stalks, sugar-cane, cocoa-nut fibre and kernel, clover, fresh-water weeds, fur, gutta-percha, hair, hay, hops, husks of grain, leather, loaves, husks and stems of Indian corn, moss, nettles, pea-stalks, peat, roots, sawdust, seaweeds, straw, tan, thistle-down, tobacco, &c. There are some other things in the list which is not worth while to mention.

Until the beginning of the present century, paper was made by hand, and it was impossible to produce wall-paper, as we now have them, in long strips, but sheets, 22 by 32 inches in size, were pasted together to make lengths of 12 yards, and after the ground color had been laid on with brushes, the figures were stencilled—a very slow and extensive process as compared with the modes which are now generally adopted.

At a later date, wooden blocks, like those used in calico printing, were substituted in place of the stencil, each color having its own separate block. The modes in which paper hangings are manufactured at the present time are so well known that they need not be described.

As they are now made, paper-hangings are a very economical device for adorning our walls, and they are often quite beautiful and effective; but they have never been regarded as appropriate for churches and other public buildings.

If any ornamentation in color is desired in these edifices, it is done to the hand of the painter, commonly called, frescoing, although this term really indicates only a certain style of painting, which is done while the plaster is wet.

Wall-papers are sometimes made to imitate blocks of stone and various kinds of woods, but no one is ever deceived by this device, and it impresses one with a sense of unreality and falseness. Even the graining of pine, and other plain woods, to imitate walnut and oak and mahogany, is quite out of date, it being regarded as a violation of the natural fitness of things.

The old-fashioned landscape paper has also had its day. To say nothing of the incongruity of adorning the walls of a parlor or drawing-room with a garden landscape, and flower-beds, fountains, and rustic seats, or an East Indian scene, with its camels, and palanquins, and pagodas, and swarthy men and women, the fact that the paper comes in rolls, and has to be cut and laid on, without regard to the breaks occasioned by the doors and windows and furniture, somewhat impairs the continuity and coherence of the picture, and leads to certain startling results.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SNORING.—"Talk. ing of snoring," said the Colonel, "it came very near being the death of my grandmother once."

"How was that?" asked his friend.

"Well, you see, the old man had to serve on the jury once, and it was the first time he had been away from home over-night in thirty years or more. The old lady had got so used to his snoring that she couldn't get a wink of sleep without it. For three nights she tossed from dark till dawn, without closing her eyes, and I certainly believe she would have been dead before the old man got back if it hadn't been for the ingenuity of the servant girl."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Well, she got out the coffee-mill and ground corn, with an occasional sprinkling of gravel in it, all night, and the old lady went to sleep at once, and slumbered as peacefully as a deacon in a church the live-long night."

THE BIBLE.—The "Breeches Bible" was printed in 1570, and it derives its title from the use of the word "breeches" in Genesis iii. 7. The "Vinegar Bible" is so called because the heading to the 20th chapter of St. Luke is given as "The Parable of the Vinegar"—a mistake, of course, for vineyard. This Bible was issued by the Clarendon Press in 1717. The "Wicked Bible," printed by Barker and Lucas, in 1632, omits the word "not" from the seventh commandment. The divisions of the Bible into chapters is ascribed by some authorities to Archbishop Lanfranc, during the eleventh century.

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"Presenting the Bride."

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

WE find the earliest records of medicine in the Brahminical books, which contain curative forms. The Greeks left an Egyptian work on the same subject. It is composed of fifty-two books, of which thirty-six contain the history of all human knowledge, and six contain the anatomy of the body, its diseases, and their cure. Medicine then came to be the possession of the priestly class.

They represented disease as being the sign of the anger of particular divinities and only curable by their special intervention.

Amongst the Egyptians, medicine was divided into two kinds, the higher and the lesser medicine. The higher medicine was composed principally of magic formulas, and was only practised by the superior priests, who boasted the power, at their pleasure, to be able to produce prodigies and supernatural effects.

Practical or lesser medicine, comprehended the treatment and its various accessories. It was abandoned to the inferior priests. These were bound to confine themselves strictly for the treatment to the rules made in the books of Hermes. If they deviated from them—if the patient recovered, or died contrary to the prognostic of the superior priest, the offending physician was punished by perpetual imprisonment, and in some cases by death itself.

Carried into Greece by Egyptian colonies, medicine followed the same course. It was in the temples alone it was exercised, and the cure of disease was only attempted by the priests of the gods.

It was only shortly before the Christian Era that medicine broke the boundaries of the temples, and, emancipated from their bonds, was exercised publicly. Then men of genius and skill prepared themselves for the calling of medicine.

They studied it with success, and disengaged it as much as was in their power from all superstitious practices. Hippocrates, the founder of the science, at last appeared.

His vast genius, his observant and methodical spirit, withdrew medicine from the chaos where it languished for so long a time, and made of it a beautiful and noble science.

The Egyptian system counted thirty-six genii, who were distributed into thirty-six parts of the body. Formulæ were composed for the invocation of each genius in particular; and, by the means of the thirty-six sacred herbs discovered by Hermes, they cured a portion of the malady. No doubt, the practitioners made some cures by the specific virtue of the herbs, but they delighted to exaggerate them; and had the presumption and impiety to declare they could restore the dead to life.

The same traditions of folly lived among the Greeks, who held their science from the Egyptians.

However, after the appearance of such men as Galen and Hippocrates, medical science began to make its way slowly, but surely, against charlatanism and fraud. It was reserved for later years, however, to see it approach its triumph in the discoveries of anatomy and chemistry.

To the monks who were in the early ages practitioners of physic, is due much of the impulse the science received towards progress in the path of discovery. They kept alive the spirit of inquiry, and aided in large degree to prepare the way for the great revelations of nature and her work, which afterwards placed the science of Hygeia first amongst our branches of knowledge.

Perhaps the greatest impediment towards perfection in the art afterwards arose from the delusions of astrology. When the fever of this folly was at its height, there arose that mode of treatment of disease which may be called by the name of Cabalistic, or Astrological medicine. The professors of that art did nothing without consulting the stars and the elementary spirits.

They mapped out a chart by which the manner of ministering to disease should alone be guided. The conjunction of the moon with the planets indicated the critical days.

Its opposition showed the neutral days. The passage of the sun through the zodiacal signs was of imminent necessity for the undertaking or rejecting any plan of treatment.

A certain potion, which would be harmless or useful, when the sun entered into the sign of Aquarius, became on the contrary, according to their declarations, a violent poison, when the star of the day entered into the sign of Leo.

In like manner, they stated that the sun influenced the heart, and the moon the brain—that Jupiter ruled the liver, Saturn the spleen, Mercury the stomach, and Mars commanded the bile.

TEACHING A HORSE.—It is a mistaken idea that a horse must be kept in fear with the whip. He must first be taken in hand to learn the voice, and gradually made to understand by example the meaning of what is said to him. Teaching a horse is just like teaching a child; when you commence the alphabet with him make him repeat it, so as to familiarize him with the sounds and appearance of each letter. So with the horse, if you want him to go to the left or right, when you say left, you lead him by the head in that direction until he goes in that direction without your aid. To be sure it takes time to make him understand, but he will get as used to the words you speak and their meaning as he does to "whoa" and "gee up."

HEADACHES and biliousness are promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic, sugar-coated Pills.

SUPERSTITION AND LOVE.

FROM the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk lore than marriage. Beginning with love divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state.

Some cut the common brake of fern just about the root to ascertain the initials of the future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a nut to be placed on the bars of a grate, repeating this incantation—

If he loves me, pop and fly;
If he hates me, live and die.

Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut instead of making the hoped for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a ladybird into the air, and repeating meanwhile the subjoined couplet:

Fly away east and fly away west,
Show me where lives the one I love best.

Should this little insect chance to fly in the direction of the house where the loved-one resides, it is regarded as a most favorable omen.

Another species of love divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover, it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of a year.

Friday has been held a good day of the week for love omens; and in Norfolk the following lines are repeated on three nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband:

To-night, to-night is Friday night,
Lay me down in thrifty white;
Dream who my husband is to be,
If I'm to live his bride to be.

In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that the May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England.

June is a highly popular month. Friday on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.

In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is above all things, necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears; the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness.

In Sussex, a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year, and evil fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.

"Flinging the stocking" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings, and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stockings over their heads endeavoring to make it fall upon upon that of the bride or her spouse.

If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and similar luck was derived from the falling of the bride's stockings, thrown by the young men. There is a superstitious notion in some places that when the bride retires to rest on her wedding night her bridesmaids should lay her stockings across, as this act is supposed to guarantee her future prosperity in the marriage state.

WHILE we rejoice in the growth and expansion of the sympathetic feelings, we would have them placed upon a firmer basis and on a more enduring plane than that of momentary pains or pleasures. Let affection be deep and earnest, but let it also be thoughtful and wise, providing for the future needs as for present happiness. Let sympathy be free and full, but let it not stop with the transient enjoyments and sorrows of childhood, but extend to the graver demands of coming years. If our children are soon to become men and women, let us see to it that we help them to attain those qualities that shall make them manly and womanly.

CHURCH MEMBERS.—One Presbyterian Church, in Jordan Springs, Kan., has only one member. He is an elder, and the church is reported as giving $1 to the Home Mission cause, $1 to the relief fund for aged ministers and 55 cents to the expenses of the Assembly; the pulpit is vacant. Another church in New York, has only one member, but twenty Sunday-school children are reported.

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Humorous.

THE LATEST STYLE.

He donned his Fall rig, and was feeling quite big,
Till a friend cries: "They're striking, but hardly in style."
"Why, this fashion," he said, "is just out. I've paid
For coat, pants and vest quite a snug little pile."

Hints the other: "I know 'tis near two years ago
In that suit—just the same—your fair picture was drawn."
"Ah, yes, I agree; but for all that," said he,
"The suit is just 'out'—that is, just 'out' of pawn."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Signs of an early fall—Watermelon rinds on the sidewalk.

What is that of which the common sort is the best? Sense.

The most useful thing, after all, in the "long run"—Breath.

We often sympathize with a dog when we think of the man who owns it.

This would be a better world if the people in it who lose their tempers would never find them again.

A trade dollar is so called because you can trade it off for a dog, and sell the dog to a sausage-maker for 85 cents.

Quoting the vital statistics of a certain town, a newspaper says: "Of the births, seven thousand were children."

The sting of a bee is only one thirty-second of an inch long; it is said to be only imagination that makes it as long as a hoe-handle.

It seems strange that people should lay away money for a rainy day, when it is almost impossible to spend money except in fine sunshiny weather.

"There iz advice enuff lying around to run three just such worlds as this," says Josh Billings. "What we are suffering most for iz good examples."

A medical man says: "There should be a law against a man's getting out of bed hastily." Then there should be two laws against the baby's crying in the night.

Rather embarrassing: Boy—"Why, your face isn't very long, is it?" Visitor—"Not very; why do you ask?" Boy—"'Cause pa said you came from Chicago here on it."

Little girl—"Please, ma, may I have a egg?" Ma—"Don't say a egg—say an egg." L. g.—"Can I have a negg?" Ma—"That isn't right." L. g., desperately—"Please, ma, can I have an begg?"

"What is an umbrella like?" asked the President of the Conundrum Club. A dozen answers were submitted, but none hit the bull's eye. Then the conundrum instructor said: "It's like yesterday—because, once gone, it never returns."

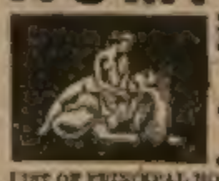
"Papa, how is angels made?" asked a little boy of his father, and the father gave it up. This shows us the advantage of being a newspaper man's little boy. He would have answered without half trying: "Equal parts servant girl and kerosene oil, my son."

"No," said a Vermont deacon, "I don't approve of hoss-racin'; and, when another member of the church becomes so godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' from meetin', I feel it my duty to the church to let out a kettle on the reins, just to keep him from puttin' his trust in earthly things, you know."

"Oh, say, ma," exclaimed a bright little girl in a hotel, while at dinner, "hasn't that man over there got awful big ears!" "Hush, child, the gentleman might hear you," cautioned the mother. "Well, ma," retorted the precocious youngster, "if he couldn't hear me with those ears, he ought to haul 'em down."

"They don't seem to have much regard for the law down in West Virginia," said Quickwit, looking over the top of his paper at his wife. "What makes you think so?" she asked. "There's a man down there who has a foot thirteen and a half inches long, and the law only allows twelve inches in a foot, you know."

HUMPHREYS'



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great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

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and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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Latest Fashion Phases.

As it is mainly Paris that gives the tone of fashion to the well-dressed world, it is always of interest to to know what is taking place in that centre of taste. As the present is the season of *soirees*, abroad, toilets at them have become generally speaking, of great simplicity: Young girls, and even very young married ladies, wear muslin dresses, with a tunic edged with bouillons, in which are run pink, blue, or saffron-colored ribbons, draped over a skirt trimmed with flounces.

A very elegant trimming also is that which consists of a series of small bows of pink ribbon with very short ends, which are thrown all on one side, simulating a cluster of roses without foliage.

A toilet of a more costly style for a concert or evening party is of white moire striped with velvet, a tablier of white lace is draped on one side by a cluster of flowers, low bodice, completed by a lace chemisette made high in the neck; the bodice is peaked in front at the back; a strip of moire ribbon is crossed over the chemisette like the ribbon on order, is rounded off over the hip, and falls at the back in a large bow irregular loops.

For evening toilets nothing is more in vogue than the skirt striped, either lengthways or across, with lace or embroidery insertion, stripes of ribbon or velvet.

The rough and rugged style of woolen materials which had already made their appearance last winter seem likely to prevail again in the making up of this autumn and winter's costumes. Twilled woolens of loose texture, such as diagonals and vigogne, are amongst the most in vogue of fabrics for out-of-door dress this season. They are mostly plain and self-colored, though some appear in broken stripes or small checks.

The walking-costume is generally made with a jacket-bodice and plain skirt, with sometimes a short drapery over it. A new style is to have all the back and sides of the skirt put on in full pleats or gathers, and remaining open in front to show an underskirt of another material entirely covered with narrow flounces of flutings. The upper-skirt is often edged on each side with a band velvet. In that case the jacket-bodice should be trimmed with velvet to match, at least round the neck and sleeves.

As a rule, mantles will be shorter this winter than last, and more closely fitted to the figure. Paletots are come into fashion again, and are of medium length, and much more clinging than last year. The redingote is all so a favorite model; for the present season it is made of mohair, or other thin woolen tissue of some dark or neutral shade lined with bright red or blue, or with violet or brown silk the lining appears in the revers and facings. Some ladies, lovers of quiet shades or color, prefer the redingote of mouse-gray mohair, lined with silk of the same color.

Beige is the favorite tint of the season, and is seen not only in fancy woollens, but in cloth-finished cashmeres, and both French and Indian silks.

A tasteful and very simple costume of beige bure has the plain skirt gathered round the waist, with the fulness thrown very much to the back. It is slightly draped on the left side under clusters of soft fluffy brown woollen balls, held together with brown woollen cord. A similar cord goes round the waist, and is loosely tied on the left side, falling in long ends, with clusters of the same balls.

Plain bodice, with turned-up collar, edged with cord; this trimming comes down on each side to the waist. Coat-sleeves trimmed with two rows of the cord. The hat is of the same material as the dress, trimmed with an enormous bow of loops of brown velvet.

Another pretty autumn dress is of fancy brocaded violet material and plain toilet silk. Plain skirt of the brocaded material, princess-cut tunic, open on the left side, draped into a drooping puff at the back, and a shell-point in front. The bodice is close-fitting and open in the shape of a heart, the opening being filled up with a plain plastron of the brocaded material. A velvet sash is passed round the waist, and falls in a drooping bow of long loops, and ends in the opening of the tunic skirt.

October is perhaps, of all months the best for travelling, and the travelling costume is quite the order of the day: few ladies know how much or how little to take with them when they set out travelling. When you go to spend some weeks or months by the sea, or in the country, of course you want a goodly wardrobe; but a practical lady going a journey of some length, but without any intention of visiting or going out, needs very little in the way of dress.

One serviceable woollen costume of dark or neutral tint, and one plain dark silk, one light mantle, and one warm cloak, a comfortable morning-gown, a shawl and waterproof rolled up in straps will suffice: a travelling-hat of felt or straw is quite sufficient to complete the costume.

The *chaussure* of a lady traveller requires most particular attention; it is not the case to show off a little foot; the thing required is to walk with ease and comfort, and to keep up with one's party without inconvenience or ill-humor, things which, unfortunately, too often go together.

Travelling-boots should be a trifle larger than those habitually worn in town, and the soles should come a little beyond the toe, a most important item to note, for this will prevent many a hurt against stone and rock, the heels quite flat of course. The thick boot and semi-high shoes made in this way will prove of excellent service.

For intrepid walkers there is nothing like thick leather shoes, well greased. When, either for pleasure or for health's sake, one elects to go and breathe the invigorating air of the mountains, one must leave dainty shoes and flimsy boots at home and consent to be more usefully than elegantly shod, in order to gain bright eyes, and rosy cheeks.

The dust-preserver of tussore or alpaca, lined with silk, and the macintosh of Indian-rubber, are invaluable for travelling by train; but for long excursions in the mountains on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, they are not practical garments. For enduring rain, wind, and dust, any length of time nothing is so thick, soft woollen garments, nor is anything more healthy.

The lady traveller will also do well to provide herself with a goodly number of thick leather gloves, semi-long, and without buttons; nothing better preserves the hand and wrist. The truest elegance is always the most perfect adaptation of one's style of dress to circumstances and surroundings.

In the country the things are different; toilets vary with almost every hour of the day, and the more *recherche* models are sought after. The morning-costumes for the garden and environs are of thick woollen material, at once rough looking and yet soft, to the touch. Bure is the type, *par excellence*, of such fabrics. It is worn in creamy white, flax-gray, beige, and pale buff. The fashion of such dresses is very simple, relieved, however, by a handsome lining of light red or blue silk, revealed in turned up folds here and there, in a facing, revers, or plastron. Wide sashes of velvet or moire are arranged in long loops and ends over the skirt.

Afternoon-dresses are of the finest woollen fabrics, either draped or stretched plain over silk under-skirts. The short jacket-bodice is in great favor; but the plain corsage, with deep peaks, is also much worn, only it requires more draping in the skirt than the jacket. Many dresses are made princess fashion and open in front over a much trimmed or embroidered skirt-front.

Striped or checked materials are frequently combined with plain cashmere or merino for walking costumes, but plaids are quite gone out of fashion.

Short jacket-bodices are quite a success of the season; the shape of the jackets does not vary much; it must always be perfectly well cut, extremely tight-fitting, even to under the arms, with a very short basque, and fastened in front or at the side; in front it opens over a plain vest or else over a full plastron of faille or surah, either white, starch-blue, cream, sulphur-yellow, or poppy-red.

The most coquettish model is cut exactly like the bodice of a dress, but about two inches shorter, and opens over a narrow vest, with two revers which come tapering down to the waist, and are of silk of a contrasting shade of color; this style of jacket is, more properly speaking, a bodice; it is often made of scarlet cloth, serge, serge or thick, rough-looking woollen material.

Another model much in vogue is the "garcon-de-cafe" jacket, similar to the preceding, buttoose in front.

Domestic Economy.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.—[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

A passion for old silver is developing, and the last thing is to convert a wine cooler into the base of a velvet or satin pincushion. It is used alike by both sexes on a well-appointed toilet table where all the appliances are silver, and it is also to be met with on the little work-table of the mistress of the house. Old clasp of books, waist buckles, and such like pliable silver things, are being joined together, and made up into the frames of mirrors and photographs, sometimes on a background of metal, and sometimes on dark blue or red velvet.

All sorts of little old silver relics are laid out now on tables, and anything that can be utilised for toilet use is transformed or adapted with delight. Some of the beautiful miniature grandfathers' clocks that have formed such fashionable wedding gifts of rococo are ornamented with some of this rococo silver. The little clocks, which are prefect models of the large ones, are to be seen in the most houses now, as they are frequently given as birthday as well as wedding gifts.

Nothing comes amiss now, from an old carved wooden pedestal to a quaint shaped saucepan, and as old treasures are unearthed from family hoards and curiosity shops they are transported to drawing rooms, till the whole assumes much the style of a museum.

Old oak is always regarded as spoil, but this is not appreciated by all these collectors of art and curiosities, some of whom prefer the lighter French or Chippendale style.

One recent fashion is to fill up one corner of a room with a low square satin-covered ottoman in divan form, with a row of carelessly arranged cushions, all of different colors and fancy materials, round the wall.

Another style is to mount a jar, of fantastic shape and large proportions, on a carved oak pedestal, and fill it with such spreading branches of living, flowering greenery that it overshadows the space beneath in the corner where it stands, and gives what the designer fondly believes to be a rural look.

A piano very often stands beneath this shade, so that the performer may sit against this green background. From the boughs hang artificial parrots, swinging on bamboo bars suspended by cords, or flying seagulls and other artistically made-up birds, or very large gay-plumed butterflies, and at the base is anything in the way of quaintness the fancy can suggest. The beautiful Benares brass and gold work has recently come into favor.

Flower pots, hanging supports for lamps or flowers vases, wall brackets, and small objects, and small objects of beauty are to be seen among the bric-a-brac of a fashionable drawing-room. Trays of it are brought in with the tea, or stand on the dinner table, holding flower vases.

White bed coverlids are almost things of the past now, and colored and fancy printed ones have taken their place. It is a popular custom to embroider a quilt in the color of the room.

From turkey-red twill edged with cream colored lace, to the most laborious imitation of old English or continental embroidery in colored wools or servants' sheeting, closely resembling the foundation of the old linen quilts, these bedcovers may be seen. Some gaily printed calico coverlids—which I belive to be French, but am not certain—are now much in vogue with those who like quaintness, and are to be met with in most of the leading shops.

It is also fashionable to cover the entire bed with a coverlid of some plain color contrasting or harmonising with the decorations of the room, and lay, quite in the centre, a small square quilt of the richest embroidery on any material.

On a narrow bed a length of fancy material is often laid down the centre of the coverlid; this is removed at night. If there is a convenient corner near a window where the toilet table can be arranged, a large Japanese parasol is sometimes suspended above it. This is also occasionally done where the bed has no head. The parasol is suspended from the ceiling by colored cords. Turkey-red twill umbrellas, intended originally for garden use, edged with deep cream lace, are used for the purpose.

The newest clothes baskets are in the hour-glass form, with lips covered in cretonne for muslin and lace, tied round the waist with a broad scarf.

Window blinds are nearly always of fancy-figured glazed calico, some being cut out in vandykes, and edged with lace or ball fringe. Some new cream-colored Irish point lace lawn curtains have broad and narrow insertions of open work, which look very well. They are usually tied back with yellow or red-gold silk scarves.

THE COAT OF MAIL.—Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium, he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and asked him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for the work. The man engaged to make the desired object if allowed proper time; and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it.

The bargain who concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan honored with a second audience of the Emperor.

"Now," said his Imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so.

"As I am to make my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, half dead with fright, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity.

But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect.

"Well," said the Napoleon, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?"

Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum.

"There is an order for the amount," said the Emperor; "and here is another for an equal sum for the fright I have given you."

Confidential Correspondents.

J. V.—Whether Shakspeare meant to depict in Hamlet a madman, or one who was merely feigning madness, is one of the many questions upon which "Shakesperian authorities" are not agreed. Authorities, in fact, always differ, and the probability is that they will never come to agreement.

E. S. T.—You can probably remove the grease from your coat by washing the part in hot water and soap; or rub the greased part with a piece of clean flannel which has been dipped in turpentine or benzine. The rubbing process should be commenced from the outer edge of the soiled spot and be worked inwards.

A. H.—1. They were and are man and wife in the eyes of the law. 2. The second marriage is bigamy and punishable as a crime. 3. Lady No. 2 was imposed upon in the most dishonorable manner. The whole affair is beastly, foolish and discreditable to all concerned save the unfortunate victim of the second marriage. She is to be more than pitied.

FAIRNESS.—The strict proprieties were not observed. Mrs. B. was singularly imprudent, not the less because she was riding with Dr. C. when he was about his professional affairs. If riding was necessary for her health, it was certainly possible to secure it, otherwise than in going out with Dr. C. in the absence of his wife. She did wrong decidedly.

CONSTANCE.—You are right in assuming that etiquette only demands persons to bow to each other on an introduction, though a great many, thinking this formal, follow it up by shaking hands. The safest way is to allow the one who is superior in social status, or the elder, to make the first advance, and to try not to seem embarrassed or at a loss, whichever course is taken.

BOB.—The Presbyterians are differentiated from the other bodies we have named mainly by the greater prevalence of Calvinism, with predestination as its distinctive tenet, and by the form of government. The title by which they are known comes from a Greek word signifying "elder," and their theory is that the Church ought to be governed by associations of ministers and ruling elders, all possessed of equal powers, without any superiority among them, either in office or order.

M. F.—When a woman maintains "that she does not scold or find fault half as much as she ought to," we think it is quite clear that she must entertain most liberal notions on that subject, and that she would not be backward in carrying them out in her daily walk and conversation. Of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that if you find fault or scold at all, you do so too much. No good ever comes of such domestic harrowing; but it is always sure to yield a bountiful harvest of evil.

BASIL.—1. The Golden Number is so called because it was formerly written on the calendar in letters of gold. It is the number reckoned from one to nineteen, showing what year in the lunar or metonic cycle any given year is. 2. The epact is the excess of the solar above the lunar year, the former consisting of 365 days from the last new moon of the old year to the 1st day of the following January. 3. The Dominical Letters are those which denote the Sundays, or dies dominica. The first seven letters of the alphabet are employed. For instance: If A stands for the first Sunday in the year, it will stand for the eighth Sunday, and so on, and will be the Dominical letter of the year.

A. L.—Ants are very difficult to get rid of when once they establish themselves in a house. They multiply so rapidly, and their powers of penetration through almost any substance are so great, that it has been found necessary to resort to all sorts of expedients in order to destroy them. Very few of these, however, are thoroughly effectual. Quicklime scattered about their haunts, with boiling water poured over it, will sometimes drive them off. A strong solution of tobacco water, or camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, or camphor of turpentine or ammonia, will keep them away as long as the odor remains. A sponge soaked in oil of tar expels them from the cupboard. But unless all these are frequently renewed they are of no use, and the ants will return again in as great force as ever.

CECILY.—Amber is a hard, brittle, semi-transparent substance of vegetable origin, tasteless, and without smell, except when it is pounded or heated, when it emits a fragrant odor. It is a fossil resin, the product of trees which existed in the tertiary epoch of geology, or that immediately previous to the present epoch. It is found on alluvial soils, or on the sea-shore in many places, particularly on the shores of the Baltic in Europe, and at Cape Sable in Maryland. Amber is used for the manufacture of many ornamental articles, and in the preparation of a kind of varnish. In the East, a feeling of veneration for its supposed mystic qualities still further enhances its value. Possibly its possession of these qualities is suggested by the fact that it easily develops electricity by friction. Amber often encloses insects of extinct species. The value of it depends on its color, and its size.

NELLIE.—We have only two bits of advice to give you, and we trust they may prove useful to you in your proposed carpentering operations. The first is to forget your looks and yourself as well, and think only of what is being said or done, not of what other people are thinking about you. Self-consciousness makes every one affected and constrained, and therefore detracts immensely from the natural merit of the victim's manner and conversation. The second is to give up the attempt to "nail" one of the opposite sex, and then some day you will perhaps find a young man doing his best to captivate you. You say you do not know what manner to assume in order to enslave men's hearts. Assume no manner at all, but be yourself, and leave the rest to the ordinary course of nature. With your evident natural sprightliness and humor, you ought not long to blush unseen, or waste your fragrance on the desert air.

UPRIGHT.—You certainly ought to get a proper introduction to the lady, whose acquaintance you made in such an unconventional manner, by "speaking to her in a public thoroughfare," before your intimacy with her goes any farther. We quite understand that you wish to act honorably in the matter, and you should certainly see her at home, and amongst her own friends, before you contemplate any engagement. It is unfortunate that you have no mutual friend, but surely—if, as you intimate, your social positions are equal—you might manage to get an introduction to some elderly friend or relative of the lady's, and, eventually, to her! But if you are so awkwardly placed that you cannot even do that, we can only advise the lady to take her mother into her confidence, and get her to consider your claim to be admitted to the house as a friend and possible suitor. In either case, it is best to be straightforward about it.